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modern screen

special holiday issue!

BBIE and EDDIE

Maybelline announces the perfect self-sharpener eyebrow and eye-liner pencil

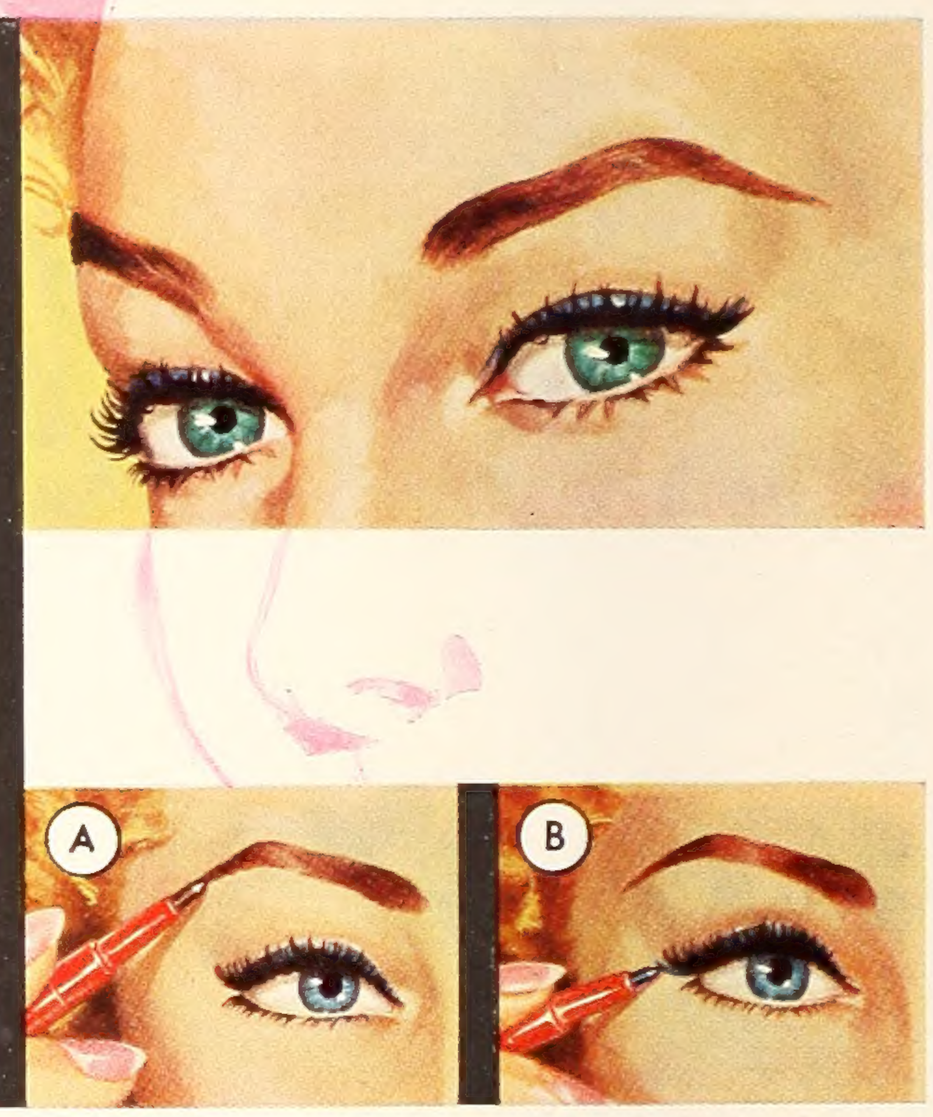


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Surprise Inside! One that means far lovelier brows for you. Slide off the cap, find a foolproof *built-in* crayon sharpener! Of golden metal, it won't jam, clog or break crayon. Just a twist, and you have a point like new every time.

Strokes Finest Lines . . . for more natural-looking brows. Now it's easy to form delicate, fine hair-lines! The effect is *so* subtle, no one need know you've improved on nature.

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Use soft, feathery strokes along the natural arch of your brow. (Avoid a "moon-shape" or hard straight line.) Accent the beginning of brow first: lift and taper toward end. Soften the effect with your fingertip.

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Do as the models do—line your lids. It's easy! With soft Maybelline crayon draw a line at base of your lashes. Start with a fine line near inner corner of eye, broadening it as you progress to outer corner. Finish with "up-swoop." If you wish, soften the effect with fingertip. You'll be amazed how much larger and more brilliant your eyes will appear.

Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER



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NOV 14 1957

–And then she said,

"I am not allowed to love. But I will love you if that is your desire..."

THIS IS

MARLON BRANDO

AND AN EXQUISITE NEW JAPANESE STAR. THEY *LIVE* JAMES A. MICHENER'S STORY OF DEFIANT DESIRE. IT IS CALLED

SAYONARA



Filmed in Japan in the never-before-seen beauty of

TECHNIRAMA® *and* TECHNICOLOR®

presented by

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CO-STARRING PATRICIA OWENS · RED BUTTONS · RICARDO MONTALBAN · MARTHA SCOTT · MIYOSHI UMEKI · JAMES GARNER

AND INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME MIIKO TAKA

PRODUCED BY WILLIAM GOETZ · DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY JAMES A. MICHENER · SCREEN PLAY BY PAUL OSBORN

Song: 'SAYONARA' Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN

MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN



Smart young modern going places...

You might see her stepping out of a doorway, or walking down a busy street —head held high—eyes bright—a *freshness* to her walk, her manner, her grooming. She's one of today's smart young moderns—the kind of woman who *never* lets "problem days" interfere—for she insists on Tampax® internal sanitary protection.

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DECEMBER, 1957 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher on the cover by William Woodfield of Globe. You can see Debbie in MGM's THE BOY FRIEND, *U-I's* TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR, *and U-I's* FOR LOVE OR MONEY. *Eddie's in NBC's* THE EDDIE FISHER-GEORGE GOBEL SHOW. *Other photographers' credits on page 69.*

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NOV 14 1957

Louella Parsons says:
"DON'T MISS IT!
AUDIENCE NEVER
STOPPED LAUGHING!"

•

"FUNNIEST PICTURE
I'VE EVER SEEN!"
Groucho Marx

•

At last on the screen the uproarious story that made millions laugh in **LIFE** Magazine and as the nation's No. 1 best-seller.



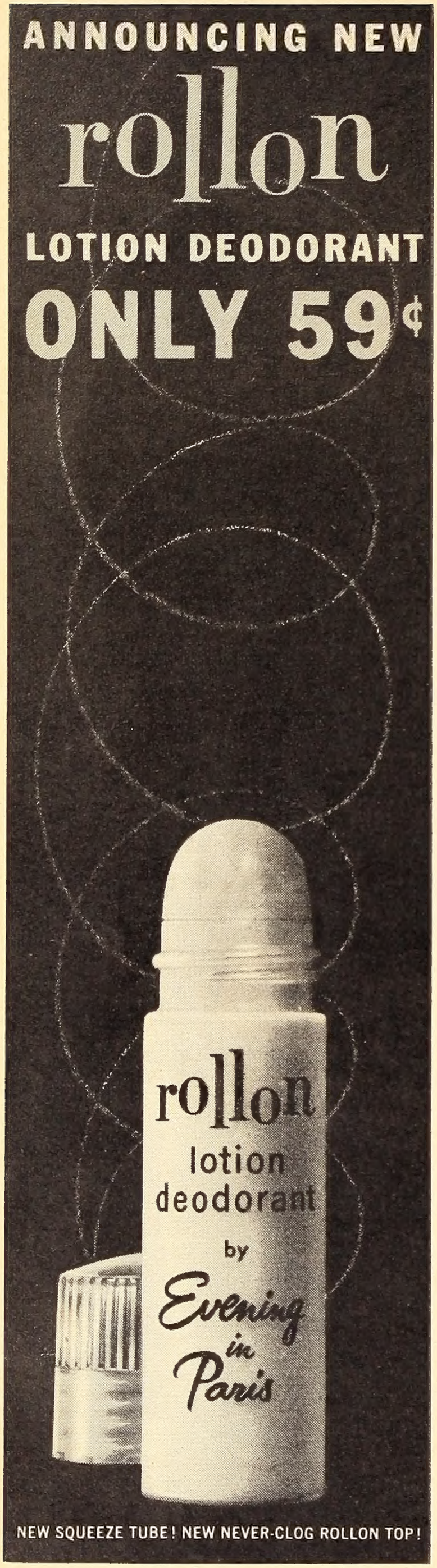
DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER

The side-splitting story, by William Brinkley, of an intrepid task force of dedicated naval officers who made almost everything but sea duty.

M-G-M has filmed it in CinemaScope and Metrocolor

Starring **GLENN FORD** · GIA SCALA · EARL HOLLIMAN · ANNE FRANCIS
KEENAN WYNN · FRED CLARK · EVA GABOR · RUSS TAMBLYN · JEFF RICHARDS

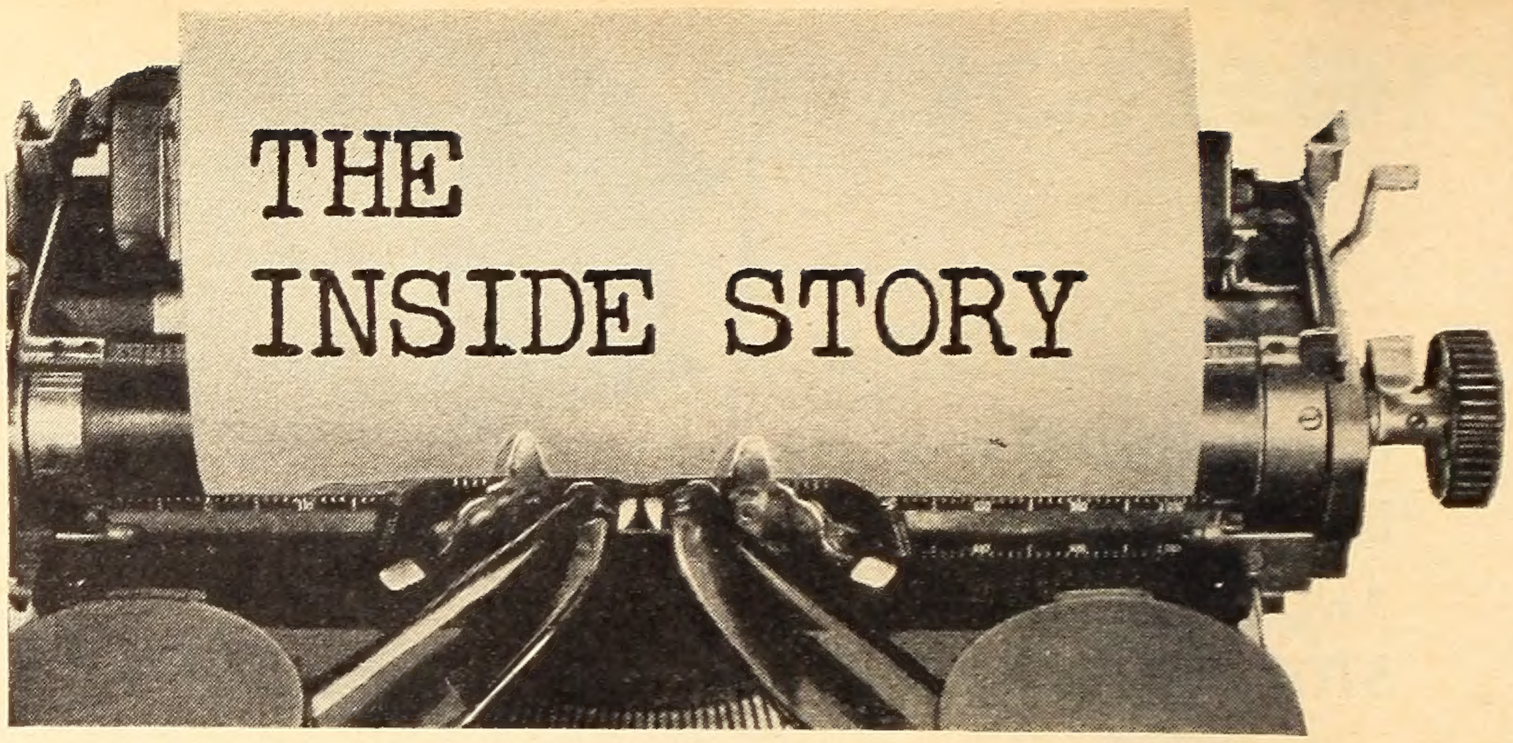
Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY and GEORGE WELLS • Based on the Novel by WILLIAM BRINKLEY
AN AVON PRODUCTION • Directed by CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN



Now, with a touch, you roll your deodorant on. Immediately, you're dry underarm; all day long you're free from perspiration worries. And always, delicately scented with a lingering, romantic fragrance. Why not treat yourself *today*—be lovelier *tonight!*

Evening in Paris

CREATED IN FRANCE BY BOURJOIS. MADE IN U. S. A.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is **Yul Brynner** just "an average clean-cut Mongolian boy" as he claims?
—F.Y., N.Y.C.
A *Brynner is the son of Russ-Swiss parents, was born in Vladivostok.*

Q Is it true that **Ginger Rogers** is one of the biggest land-owners in the state of Oregon?
—P. R., Portland, Ore.
A *Ginger and her mother own 680 acres.*

Q Is **Anthony Franciosa, Shelley Winters'** new husband, a better actor than, say, **Anthony Perkins**?
—S.L., Provo, Utah
A *Both are exceptionally talented performers.*

Q Can you tell me if *Around The World in 80 Days* will ever be shown at reduced prices?
—J.T., Mineola, L.I.
A *The plan is to sell it at never less than a $2 top, to limit its showing to 400 houses, to revive it every few years, to take all the traffic will bear.*

Q Is **Mark Stevens** disliked in the movie colony?
—V.U., Chicago, Ill.
A *In some quarters he is, but he has loyal friends.*

Q Can you tell me if **Arlene Dahl** is pregnant?
—R.T., Rochester, N.Y.
A Yes.

Q When **Esther Williams** was in Italy making a movie recently, was her husband Ben Gage with her?
—R.L., N.Y.C.
A *No; he was in the States looking after their swimming pool business.*

Q Is it true that any actress who plays in a **Charley Chaplin** picture is considered finished in Hollywood?
—E.T., London, Eng.
A *Definitely not.* **Claire Bloom** *who played opposite Chaplin in* Limelight *is an example.*

Q Whatever happened to the love affair between **Tab Hunter** and **Etchika Choureau**?
—D.L., El Paso, Tex.
A *Pftt.*

Q Did **Kim Novak** use actor **Ted Cooper** and businessman Mac Krim and then discard both for that Italian count Mario Bandini?
—J.Y., Chicago, Ill.
A *No; just a question of friendships come and friendships go.*

Q Was **Debbie Reynolds** responsible for the break between **Eddie Fisher** and his longtime manager Milt Blackstone?
—M.Y., Ellenville, N.Y.
A *No.*

Q Is **Tyrone Power's** second wife, **Linda Christian,** really an adventuress?
—E.L., Reno, Nev.
A *Linda believes in adventure.*

Q Isn't the **Bergman-Rossellini** marriage finished for all practical purposes?
—K.T., Rome, Italy
A *Just about.*

Q In *Fire Down Below* I saw **Rita Hayworth** opposite **Bob Mitchum** and **Jack Lemmon**. Isn't she older than both of these actors?
—N.R., Buffalo, N.Y.
A *Yes.*

Q Kathy Grant, Mona Freeman, Inger Stevens, Pat Sheehan—does **Bing Crosby** have any intention of getting married again to a young girl?
—F.Y., Tuscan, Ariz.
A *Probably not.*

Q How could Bruno Pagliai, wealthy Mexican steel magnate who's been divorced twice, get married a third time to **Merle Oberon** in a Catholic church?
—K.T., Louisville, Ky.
A *Special Vatican dispensation.*

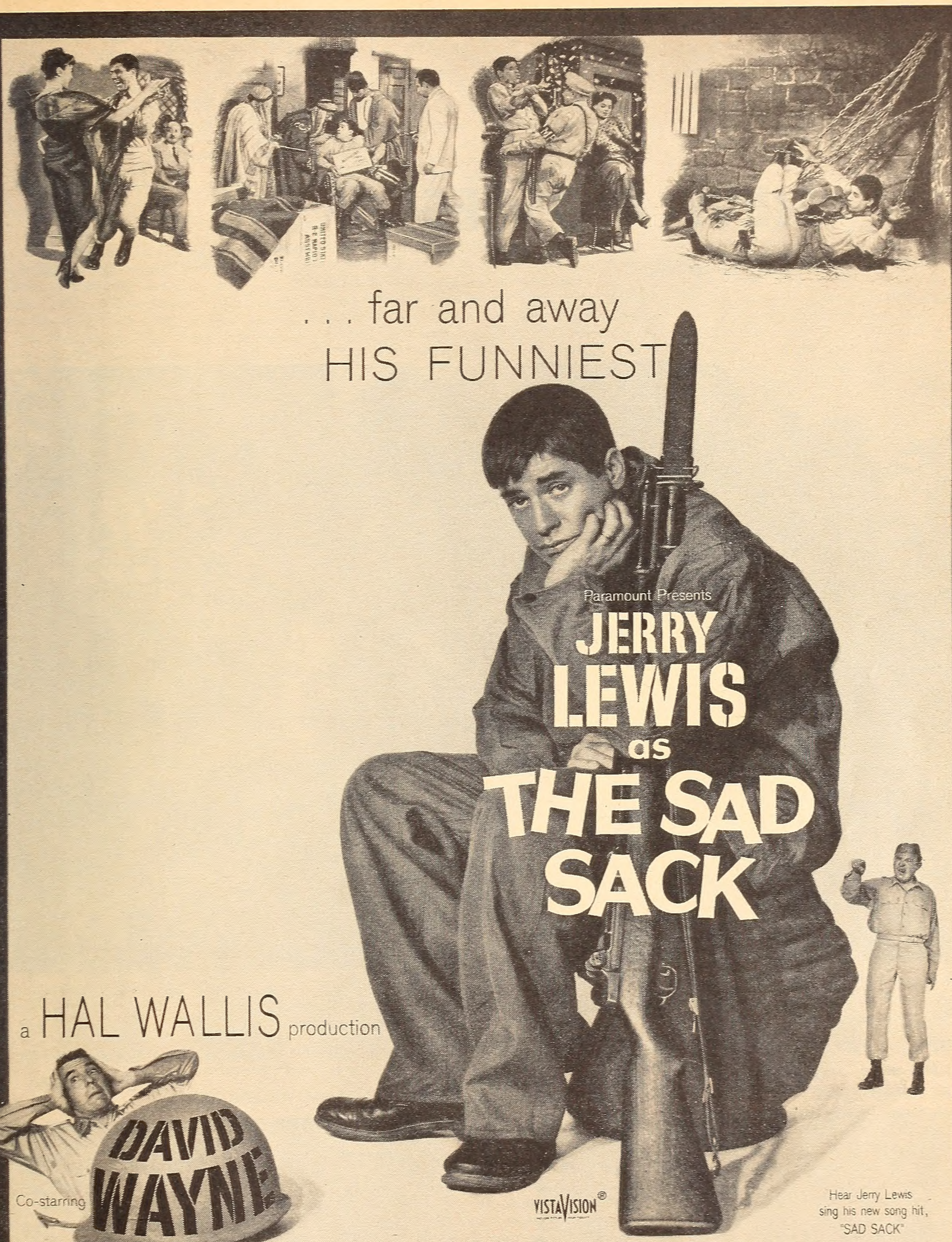
Q What happened between **Cantinflas** and **Mike Todd** that caused Cantinflas to bow out of *Don Quixote?*
—H.E., Bridgeport, Conn.
A *Financial dispute.*

Q How many times has **Jackie Coogan** been married?
—K.T., Los Angeles, Cal.
A Four.

Q Is **Lana Turner** broke?
—E.P., Seattle, Wash.
A *Not broke but not well-fixed either.*

Q Venetia Stevenson and **Frank Sinatra**—is this for real?
—T.O., Columbia, S.C.
A *Interlude.*

Q Isn't **Jayne Mansfield** secretly married to muscle man Mickey Hargitay?
—L.E., San Antonio, Tex.
A *Not yet.* *(Continued on page 10)*



Acknowledgment is hereby gratefully made to the United States Army and Air Force without whose cooperation, deep understanding, and sense of humor this picture could never have been made.

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Sayonara

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
Pal Joey

FOR DRAMA
The Helen Morgan Story
The Joker Is Wild

FOR COMEDY
The Admirable Crichton
My Man Godfrey
Kiss Them For Me

FOR ADVENTURE
The Unholy Wife

FOR SUSPENSE
Slaughter On Tenth Avenue
Misguided

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka are captured in a particularly moving scene from SAYONARA, *a truly realistic film of the problems of living today.*

SAYONARA

beautiful love story

Marlon Brando
Red Buttons
Patricia Owens
Ricardo Montalban
Miiko Taka

■ Sayonara means goodbye, but you won't be forgetting this movie for a long, long time. Written by Pulitzer Prize author James Michener, directed by Joshua Logan, filmed in exotically beautiful Japan, starring Marlon Brando, it is a love story that ends the way you wish all love stories would. Marlon Brando is a jet ace in Korea who is sent to Japan for rest and rehabilitation. Flying back with him is Airman Red Buttons, a product of city slums who has the daring to take what he wants from life. What he wants now is to marry a Japanese girl (Myoshi Emeki). The Air Force frowns on this, the Japanese elders frown on it and even Brando frowns on it. He's engaged to Vassar grad Patricia Owens who meets him in Japan. The engagement begins to break when Patricia tells Marlon her plans for him: she wants him to become a great Air Force general. Then, when Brando serves as best man at Buttons' wedding, he sees that love can be much stronger than he had ever imagined. Being criticized by army authorities for attending the wedding upsets Brando to the point of postponing his own marriage indefinitely. One night he watches the famed Matsubayashi dancers who are dedicated to their art to such a degree that they are virtually excluded from the outside world. Among them is Japan's première danseuse, the lovely Miiko Taka. Brando finds deep love at last; he also finds it isn't easy. Overcoming his own prejudice, he still must fight the prejudice that both races hold toward inter-marriage. In this case, the Air Force can not only disapprove, it can also take action. Tragedy comes to the life of Red Buttons; awakening comes to Patricia Owens who is enchanted by a Kabuki Theater actor (Ricardo Montalban). What comes to Marlon Brando I'll leave for you to discover. —TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

THE HELEN MORGAN STORY

blues in the 'twenties

Ann Blyth
Paul Newman
Richard Carlson
Gene Evans
Cara Williams

■ Ann Blyth goes glamorous in *The Helen Morgan Story*. Only Ann can bring delicacy to a drunk scene, which is a relief considering the number of lost ladies served up recently. Whether or not this story has anything to do with the facts about that once-famous blues singer, it captures the clothes, the hysteria and the simple violence of the twenties; and the wonderful songs are here. Also here is Paul Newman, a brazen bootlegger and promoter who promotes himself first, Ann second. In fact, it's his miserable treatment of her that drives her to drink. Success and

fame can't ease her tortured heart. Neither can New York attorney Richard Carlson—his wife won't let him. Newman winds up in prison for hi-jacking the warehouse of a rival racketeer and Ann winds up in Bellevue for rehabilitation. You may think it's too late but it's never too late for a good cry and for love.—CINEMASCOPE, WARNERS.

MY MAN GODFREY

drawing room farce

David Niven
June Allyson
Martha Hyer
Jessie Royce Landis
Robert Keith

▪ Here's another butler (David Niven) but his province is the wacky, super-democratic household of a harried American businessman (Robert Keith). When Niven brings breakfast to the ladies he's lucky if they let him leave the bedroom! The ladies are Jessie Royce Landis, the scatter-brained mother who keeps a pet (Jay Robinson); Martha Hyer, the femme fatale who throws a tantrum when her "come-on" doesn't come off; June Allyson, Martha's younger sister, who picks Niven up on a scavenger hunt—you know, where you have to find samples of animals, vegetables and minerals—and wins the game with him. Daddy has the money, but Niven has class; he also has the problem of being in the country illegally—and that's a big problem to June Allyson who wants to marry him. Lots of funny lines to tickle you, plenty of Niven's famous suavity to deliver them. Eva Gabor's here, too.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

PAL JOEY

sparkling comedy

Rita Hayworth
Frank Sinatra
Kim Novak
Barbara Nichols
Bobby Sherwood

▪ Gay, touching, lavish, with music by Rodgers and Hart, there isn't anything missing in *Pal Joey,* except more of it. Sinatra's here again with a magnetism that makes beautiful women—Hayworth and Novak for a start—drop at his feet. He has an ego as big as the Pacific and no bank account at all; he's a heel. Arriving in the exciting city of San Francisco (after being put on a train by policemen for showing too much attention to a mayor's young daughter) he starts singing in a nightclub without being asked. Modesty is not his forte. All the tall showgirls, except veteran Barbara Nichols, adore him, and orchestra leader Bobby Sherwood prepares to lose his girl (Kim Novak) to him. Kim is from a small town and treats Sinatra coolly—she's not sure he's for real. Intrigued, Sinatra moves right next door to her at a boarding-house; they share the bath. But one night he meets a stunning widow (Hayworth) who's covered with money and has the added attraction of once having been a stripper. She also has a floating palace—that's a yacht—which he finds homey; she buys him a night-club, which he accepts as his due; she becomes jealous of Kim, which is where the trouble starts. Want to see Kim Novak attempt a strip tease? Want to lose yourself in color and romance? Then go see *Pal Joey*. It's great fun.—TECHNICOLOR COLUMBIA.

THE JOKER IS WILD

Joe E. Lewis' life

Frank Sinatra
Jeanne Crain
Eddie Albert
Mitzi Gaynor
Jackie Coogan

▪ The joker is Frank Sinatra, who can make a movie all by himself, he's that charming. As it is, he's made a movie based on the life of a very popular nightclub comedian, Joe E. Lewis. Lewis is still very much around, although considering his liquid consumption, it's a wonder. Sinatra (Lewis) begins his career as a singer but when he quits one job for another his sensitive ex-boss sends a few thugs around to carve him up. They do a remarkable job—Sinatra loses his voice and his face is scarred for life. His former piano accompanist (Eddie Albert), a truly devoted friend, is instrumental in plunging Sinatra into a whole new career—that of sophisticated comedian. Sinatra's patter when he is 'in' forms the highspots of the movie. The rest is alcohol mixed with pathetic attempts to love a couple of women. One's Jeanne Crain, a rich girl whom he gives up on the theory he's going to die (it isn't *his* theory, it's his doctor's). Losing Jeanne, but not his life, he marries Mitzi Gaynor, who becomes a Hollywood actress. That marriage is like two ships passing in the night. Never mind, Sinatra finally takes a good look at himself and vows to drop anchor.—PARAMOUNT.

KISS THEM FOR ME

something for the boys

Cary Grant
Suzy Parker
Jayne Mansfield
Leif Ericson
Larry Blyden

▪ When Cary Grant meets Suzy Parker a fire starts, and when Jayne Mansfield meets *anyone* he'd better run. The way it is: Cary's a flyer hero and naturally, a ladies' man. He and his buddies (Larry Blyden and Ray Walston) wangle some leave and wind up rent free in the presidential suite of a swanky hotel in the States. They want to have a party, a little party that'll last maybe three days. But there's a civilian tycoon around (name of Leif Ericson) who wants Grant to make speeches for the war effort. Grant figures he's done his share. He no sooner



PAL JOEY

THE HELEN MORGAN STORY





KISS THEM FOR ME

THE JOKER IS WILD





PAUL NEWMAN and ALAN KING go fly a kite

■ When Alan King, vaudeville and night club comedian, first met Paul Newman on the set of *The Helen Morgan Story*, he was certain they could never be friends. He considered Paul a great actor. It seemed a shame that two fellows who were cast as the best of pals on-screen couldn't get along when not in front of the camera.

After they had been introduced Paul asked, "Do you like popcorn?"

"No," Alan answered.

"Sure?" Paul asked, shoving a bag of it towards him.

"I don't like it," Alan said, still trying to be polite about it.

"But you never tried popcorn like this," Paul insisted. "I make it myself."

"I don't want any," Alan repeated again.

"You're chicken," Paul said, and walked away.

"If I could've stomached popcorn," Alan explains, "I would've, just to be friendly. But I guess I got him mad. . ."

For three days Paul didn't speak to Alan when the cameras weren't rolling. On the set, because the script called for it, they were palsey-walsey. This on-screen friendliness and off-screen coldness didn't seem to bother Paul at all. But Alan found it harder and harder to act buddy-buddy with Paul before the cameras.

On the morning of the fourth day Alan, in the costume of the 'Twenties—high celluloid collar, vest, spats and sharp suit—was just about to enter the studio gates when he saw Paul, also in costume, pull up in an old jalopy. Paul got out of the car and then reached into the back seat. He tugged at something, tugged some more, but couldn't budge whatever he was pulling at.

Without a word, Alan went around to the other side of the car, opened the far door. A huge box kite was wedged between the seats. Together, they lifted it out.

"Do you like to fly kites?" Paul asked.

"Yeah," said Alan, "sure. But where?"

"On the studio lot," Paul answered. "Come on."

So Alan held the big tail of the kite and Paul held the nose and the string, and together—dressed in their celluloid collars, high button shoes, and sharp 'Twenties suits—they ran up and down the lot. Dodging extras, skirting scenery, the two 'men' ran with the huge kite. Finally a gust of wind caught the kite and with a swoosh it went aloft. Paul let the string out and soon it was soaring high above their heads.

"I couldn't have got it up without you. Too heavy. Thanks a lot," Paul said, and he put out his hand for Alan to shake. Alan shook it. "For a guy who doesn't like popcorn, you're all right," Paul continued.

"Cut it," Alan answered.

"This time I was only kidding," Paul said, smiling. "Let's pull this thing down and get back to the picture."

Alan smiled too. And carrying the kite they walked on to the set.

Alan and Paul are in Warner Bros.' THE HELEN MORGAN STORY. *Paul is also in MGM's* UNTIL THEY SAIL *and will appear in Warner's* THE LEFT-HANDED GUN *and 20th's* THE LONG HOT SUMMER.

new movies (*continued from page 7*)

knocks Ericson to the floor than Ericson's fiancee, Suzy, hurls back the ring. "I love *you*," she tells Cary with simple directness. He loves her, too. Now about Jayne. Jayne's patriotism knows no bounds. "Kiss them for me," her boyfriend once told her out of gratitude to all his buddies; she construes his buddies to be everyone in uniform. To her credit, it must be said, none of them mind.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE

waterfront crime

Richard Egan
Jan Sterling
Dan Duryea
Julie Adams
Walter Matthau

■ Waterfront murders in New York are notoriously unsolvable. Everybody knows who killed whom, but nobody has the nerve to testify. Along comes Richard Egan, assistant to the district attorney. He's assigned to track down the murderer of stevedore Mickey Shaughnessy, husband of Jan Sterling. At first he's greeted with silence and suspicion by all concerned. Egan, however, has a good physique, a strong mind and a devoted fiancee, Julie Adams, all of which give him the courage to bring order where chaos reigned. The racket bosses, the thugs, the embittered dockworkers, the violence are here, making a hard-hitting drama.—U-I.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

upper class life

Kenneth More
Diane Cilento
Cecil Parker
Martita Hunt
Sally Ann Howes

■ This is high and civilized comedy as can come only from the pen of a few writers—J. M. Barrie being one of the few. From beginning to end it is meaningful and hilarious. It is the story of how a king of butlers (Kenneth More) in the terribly aristocratic England of 1906 becomes head of Lord Cecil Parker's household (heading it over the Lord) when that household is accidentally re-established on a tropical island. Kenneth More loves being a butler; the thought of being anything else horrifies him. Lord Parker and his three daughters, particularly Sally Ann Howes, love being rich and snobbish; they would sooner stab themselves than act like human beings to the help. However, Parker does have a quirk—he flirts with the idea of social equality. This creates a scandal which impels the Lord to take his daughters, their suitors and an army of servants on a six-months' cruise. Shipwrecked, they land on an island, but what care they? They still expect dinner at eight and white linen on the table. What they get, and how it changes them is what this movie's about. Kenneth More is superb—so's everybody else. —TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

THE UNHOLY WIFE

the perfect crime

Diana Dors
Rod Steiger
Tom Tryon
Beulah Bondi
Arthur Franz

■ Rod Steiger plays the good guy for a change, and wouldn't you know he'd fall for the coolest, cruelest blonde of all—Diana Dors? The only nice thing about Diana is her wardrobe. Rod owns a vineyard out in California and he's pretty attached to it. Nothing gives him more pleasure than to be out there trampling on the grapes. He picks up Diana in a cafe and even though she tells him a few

SHE WANTED BREAKFAST IN BED

...but she didn't want to eat alone!!!



The scandalous saga of an actress, a mistress, a matron, and a maid.. and a butler with a *very subtle* buttle!

FROM BOUDOIR TO BASEMENT HE WAS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE!



JUNE ALLYSON · DAVID NIVEN



MY MAN GODFREY

CINEMASCOPE *in Eastman* **COLOR**

co-starring JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
EVA GABOR · JAY ROBINSON
ROBERT KEITH
JEFF DONNELL · MARTHA HYER

Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN, PETER BERNEIS and WILLIAM BOWERS · Based on the screenplay by MORRIE RYSKIND and ERIC HATCH and on the novel by ERIC HATCH · Produced by ROSS HUNTER

A Universal-International Picture



What Was in the Soup Doris Day Fed Carol Haney?

■ Carol Haney had been rehearsing her *Steam Heat* number for *Pajama Game* for hours and was beat. Finally the assistant director called a halt and she staggered over to a chair. She was tired, energyless, discouraged—and nothing seemed to help.

Doris Day had been watching the number and came over to where Carol sat.

"I liked that very much," Doris said. "You're darned good."

"Well, gee, thanks," Carol answered. "I try my best. Only I'm very tired. I just can't seem to keep dancing, hour after hour, like I used to."

"You need my special pepper-upper," Doris said. "Come with me. I'll show you."

So they walked over to Doris' dressing room and went inside. Carol sat down on the couch and closed her eyes while Doris moved around the room. Carol heard a sound like a can being opened, then water running, then a noise like something being stirred.

"Eat this," Doris said. "It'll do you good."

"What is it?" Carol asked, opening her eyes and looking down at a plate of something that looked like pea soup but somehow didn't smell like pea soup.

"I told you," Doris replied, "it's my special pepper-upper. Now don't ask any more questions. Eat." So Carol ate. She couldn't tell exactly what was in the soup. But she didn't care. It was hot, it was delicious. When she had finished the last spoonful, she felt enormously refreshed, as if she could dance for hours more.

And in the weeks that followed, on three or four different occasions, Carol—dragged, danced-out, beat—found herself in Doris' dressing room, eating the special soup. Once she noticed that Doris sprinkled something that looked like a green herb into the pot; another time she thought that Doris dropped a few tiny onions into the brew. She soon gave up trying to learn the recipe. Doris just wasn't talking.

The soup worked like a magic potion. Carol would enter the dressing-room feeling blue, battered and beat; she'd leave feeling great.

Finally *Pajama Game* was finished. Carol returned to New York to be with her husband, and Doris stayed in Hollywood. One night Carol was telling her husband about Doris and the magic soup. "What did she put in it?" Carol asked.

"I know," her husband answered.

"You know? Why you can hardly cook an egg."

"I know just the same," he repeated.

"Okay, smartie, tell me," Carol said.

"Affection . . . concern . . . understanding—that's what was in the soup."

"I don't get it," Carol said.

"Sure you do," he said. "You were feeling awful. You were knocking yourself out every day. I wasn't with you to hold your hand and help. A husband—me—would have been your best remedy. Next to that, someone who was kind and warm and concerned about *you*. Doris and her soup did the trick. She could have served you plain hot water; it would have worked just as well. What she was really giving you was big doses of friendship when you needed them most.

"And darling," he added, putting his arms around her, "that doesn't come from cans, it comes from the heart."

Carol and Doris are in Warner Bros.' PAJAMA GAME; *Doris will be in Warner Bros'* THE GREEN-EYED BLONDE *and Paramount's* TEACHER'S PET.



(Continued from page 4)

Q Is it true that **George Nader** and **Cary Grant** are inseparable friends?
—K.Y., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A *No.*

Q Isn't **Robert Mitchum** more sinned against than sinning?
—P.T., DURHAM, N. C.

A *Generally, yes.*

Q Isn't it true that **Gail Russell** is still in love with **Guy Madison**?
—B.J., TULSA, OKLA.

A *Friends say she still loves Madison.*

Q Is **Bob Wagner** publicity crazy? Isn't that why he's dating **Natalie Wood**?
—L.Y., POMONA, CAL.

A *Wagner likes publicity, also Natalie Wood.*

Q Who are Hollywood's best husbands?
—M.T., MADISON, WIS.

A **Jimmy Stewart** *and* **Fred MacMurray** *are two title contenders.*

Q Does **Diana Dors** have a new love?
—D.K., LONDON, ENG.

A *Yes.*

Q Was Aly Khan really responsible for **Gene Tierney's** nervous breakdown?
—J.R., PARIS, FRANCE

A *Gene says no.*

Q Wasn't **Gary Cooper** ready to get a divorce at one time to marry a girl named Lorraine Chanelle of Mexico?
—H.H., N.Y.C.

A *There was that possibility.*

Q Who sings better, **Tony Perkins** or **Bob Wagner**?
—J.T., TULSA, OKLA.

A *Recording engineers prefer Perkins.*

Q How old is Hedda Hopper?
—W.E., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *Sixty-six.*

Q How come **Debra Paget** has no boy friends? What's wrong with her?
—D.E., EL PASO, TEXAS

A *She is obsessed with her career, has little time for boys.*

Q Didn't **Elvis Presley** want very much to have **Natalie Wood** as his co-star in his first Hal Wallis picture?
—F.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *He sure did.*

Q What happens to the gowns worn by actresses after a picture is finished?
—O.F., NORFOLK, VA.

A *They go back to the studio wardrobe departments.*

Q **Marie McDonald** and Marie Frey, ex-cigarette girl at Leon & Eddie's—aren't they one and the same?
—V.R., N.Y.C.

A *Yes.*

Q How many times has **Janet Leigh** been married? —R.R., STOCKTON, CAL.

A *Three.* **END**



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A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NATALIE TRUNDY

■ For one whole summer, Natalie Trundy did nothing at all but cry.

She was nine years old at the time, and she knew perfectly well what was making her so miserable. She wanted to be an actress and Mother said *No.*

"But why?" Natalie sobbed. "If you didn't want me to be an actress why'd you send me to dancing school? Why'd you let me do the lead in the show? Why—"

"Let you!" Mother exclaimed. "Nobody *let* you at all! Why, that poor child who was supposed to play the lead hadn't been sick five minutes before you volunteered to do it! Five months in dancing school—and you wanted to star in the school show! And sing. And act—and—and everything!"

"But I *did* it." Natalie insisted. "and I didn't fall on my face. You know I didn't. And that nice man who came backstage afterwards said I should be an actress. He said I should come see him and he'd put me on television. He *said* so."

"And I," said Mother firmly, "say *no.*"

So Natalie went back to crying.

Summer passed, fall came, and Natalie went back to school in Forest Hills. New York. And in school she met another little girl whose mother was not so stubborn. and let her daughter act. And this little girl told Natalie that Fred Waring was looking for a child to play Little Red Riding Hood in a specialty piece for his TV show.

"Mama, *please,*" Natalie begged that night, over and over. "Just call him for me. *Please!* You know I can do it."

Mother, her face white as a sheet, sighed. "Yes," she said at last. "I know you can do it. But the point is, *I* can't."

"Can't what?" Nat demanded.

Her mother sighed again. "Natalie, I simply can't let you turn professional.

"It's not because we come from Boston. It's not that your father objects or that I think it will ruin your childhood. It's just that—I can't sew!"

Natalie stared at her, mouth open.

Mother said, "I suppose you remember the night you told me you were taking over the lead in that school show? You came home at four o'clock in the afternoon and told me that at three the next day you were going on. You had twenty-four hours to learn two tap numbers, two ballet numbers and a song you'd never even heard of!"

"Yes," Natalie said, only it sounded more like a question.

"Yes. And while you were learning your tap numbers, your ballet numbers and singing at the top of your lungs all night—what was *I* doing?"

The light broke over Natalie's face. "You were making my costume!"

"That's right! And I can't sew a stitch! I didn't have the vaguest idea what I was doing. I never saw a pattern before in my entire life! All day, all night, I was putting in stitches and ripping them out, sewing the top on inside out to the bottom, hemming it crooked—and why on earth it stayed on the next day is something I'll never know.

"And now. *Now* you tell me you want to be an actress! TV shows, stage shows heaven knows what-all!

"I'm sorry, baby. The answer is *no.*"

A very thoughtful Natalie Trundy went back to school the next day and had a long talk with her friend—and came home again, beaming.

"Mama," said Natalie, "I told her what our problem was. And she's been in lots of shows and everything. And she says the mothers don't have to do anything. Even for little girls, they rent the costumes. And if something goes wrong they have a woman called the—the wardrobe mistress—and she takes care of it all. Why, my friend says, as far as she knows, you'll never have to sew a stitch again. *Now* will you call Fred Waring?"

"Well." said Mother. "under the circumstances, I suppose. . . ."

Nat got the part.

"And," she adds today, having since then starred in two movies, two Broadway shows and innumerable TV productions, "as far as I know, Mother hasn't lifted a needle from that day to this!"

Natalie is now in UA's THE MONTE CARLO STORY *and* THE CARELESS YEARS.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, ere are some of the stars you share with:

ecember 2—**Julie Harris**
ecember 6—**Agnes Moorehead**
ecember 8—**Dewey Martin**
ecember 9—**Lee J. Cobb**
Broderick Crawford
Kirk Douglas
Betsy Blair
Rita Moreno
Marie Windsor
ecember 12—**Edward G. Robinson**
Frank Sinatra
ecember 13—**Mark Stevens**
Don Taylor
ecember 14—**Dan Dailey**
Abbe Lane
ecember 15—**Jeff Chandler**
ecember 17—**Richard Long**
ecember 19—**Edmund Purdom**
ecember 20—**Mala Powers**
Audrey Totter
ecember 23—**Brad Jackson**
Ruth Roman
Barbara Ruick
ecember 24—**Ava Gardner**
ecember 25—**Tony Martin**
ecember 26—**Steve Allen**
ecember 27—**Jerome Courtland**
Marlene Dietrich
ecember 28—**Lew Ayres**
Hildegarde Neff
ecember 30—**Russ Tamblyn**
Jo Van Fleet



Van Heflin
December 13



Betty Grable
December 18



Irene Dunne
December 20



Richard Widmark
December 26

Your birthstone is a turquoise.
Your flower is a poinsettia.

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Can you answer "YES" to all four?



Q. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times?

A. Yes. Arrid *always* protects you against *all* kinds of perspiration. Doctors have proved Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested against perspiration and odor.



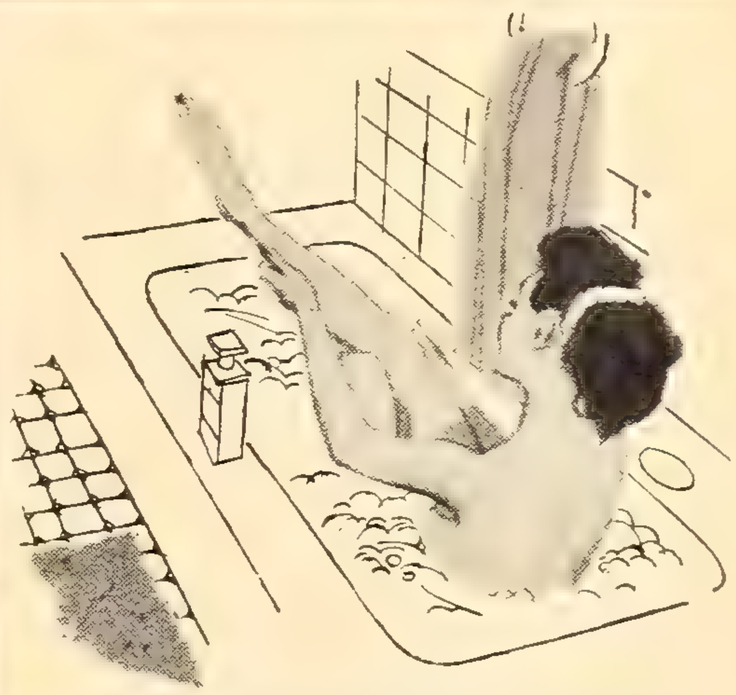
Q. Can the quick rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

A. Yes. Arrid fortified with Perstop* protects you even when sudden anxiety causes glands to gush perspiration. Rub Arrid in —rub perspiration and odor out. With Arrid you know you're safe.



Q. Is there a sure way to prevent ugly perspiration stains?

A. Yes. Perspiration stains will ruin your clothes. But Arrid, used daily, stops perspiration stains—keeps underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never the slightest hint that things are getting warm even on hot, sticky days.



Q. Is a daily bath really enough for an active girl like you?

A. Yes. Use Arrid daily after your bath. Its rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fresh for 24 hours. Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like Arrid.

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THE STORY JIMMY CAGNEY *DIDN'T* WANT PRINTED!

■ It's the kind of thing that happens practically any day that's warm and sunny, the kind of thing you read about with your morning coffee, or maybe skip over, because it's not that unusual. Just a story about a couple of guys who might have been lying on a morgue slab, dead from drowning because their boat suddenly capsized.

But this story the papers didn't carry. And here's the reason:

It started out like any typical rescue at sea. The place was Buzzards Bay, on the cape near Jimmy Cagney's farm on the island of Martha's Vineyard. A couple of men, summer vacationers, were out sailing when a sudden capricious gust of wind caught their full-furled sails and next thing they knew they were clinging to their over-turned boat. And they were much too far from shore to even think of trying to swim . . .

And then hope suddenly surged up in them. Because standing on the shore was a man who looked like he knew what he was doing with the small dinghy, and what he seemed to be doing was rushing hell-bent-for-leather to get the dinghy in the water.

It wasn't an easy job keeping the dinghy from being smashed against the overturned sail boat, getting the two exhausted men into the boat—without the dinghy being overturned too. It wasn't easy, but Jimmy Cagney managed it. Yes, of course—it was Jimmy who was their rescuer.

Now—how come it wasn't in all t papers? A rather courageous rescue sea, and by a world-famed movie star boot—playing the type of heroic role h played so often for the make-believe mo cameras!

Well, that part of it was the big surpr to the two grateful men, too. Because ju about the first thing Jimmy said, casua brushing aside the men's stammering gra tude, was "Look, forget it. I mean th Please don't talk about this. I don't wa this to leak out."

The men looked at him in amazeme "But—but, why—?"

Then, with that grin that's flashed acr millions of screens, Jimmy answered "Nobody'd *really* believe it happened a way! Sounds too contrived . . . too *Hol wood!* And besides," and here Jimm face clouded over, "I didn't do this j so everyone would make me a big hero did it because—well, what guy wouldn't

The men said okay, they wouldn't t "But just tell us what we can do to tha you."

"Don't mention it," he said. "That's t *real* way you can thank me."

And Jimmy Cagney's one guy w doesn't need and doesn't want the ki of publicity that many a press agent paid royally to dream up!

Jimmy Cagney can be seen in UI's M OF A THOUSAND FACES *and Columbi* THE LAST HURRAH.



DAVID NIVEN SELLS HIS BODY

■ Wanna make a fortune?

David Niven's got the formula and it's fool-proof.

In fact, he tried it once, and it would have worked—"Except for my brother," David explains. "My brother scotched the whole plan. But it would've worked!"

It all started years and years and years ago when David was broke. Not only broke, but in debt and worried about where he was ever going to get enough money to get himself out of hock.

Until a brilliant idea came to him. He'd sell his body to a London hospital!

Not while he was alive, of course. But research and medical schools always need corpses—more than they can ever get. And the beauty of the thing was that he'd have the money to spend while he was alive—and who cared what happened after he was dead?

So David went about making inquiries, and found the payment for his torso was so good "that I went about selling my remains to a *number* of institutions!

"I figured that once I was dead, they could fight it out among themselves," he grins, remembering the David Niven of a couple of decades ago, when he was very young and *very* foolish.

But David figured without his very proper older brother.

"When my brother heard the story, he was so horrified he visited all the hospitals, bought me back—and gave me to myself for Christmas!

"But anyway, without the petty larceny —you can make . . . well, maybe not a fortune. But it's fool-proof!

"Unless," David adds, grinning, "you *don't* have a brother who'll buy you back. Then it might be jail-bait!"

David Niven is in Columbia's BONJOUR TRISTESSE *and UI's* MY MAN GODFREY.





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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Are Frankie and Lauren in Love?

IN THIS ISSUE:

- ★ A "Merry Christmas"
- ★ There'll be a New Baby at the Palace...
- ★ And a New Baby at the Debbie-Eddie Palace, too!
- ★ Sophia Loren Married!

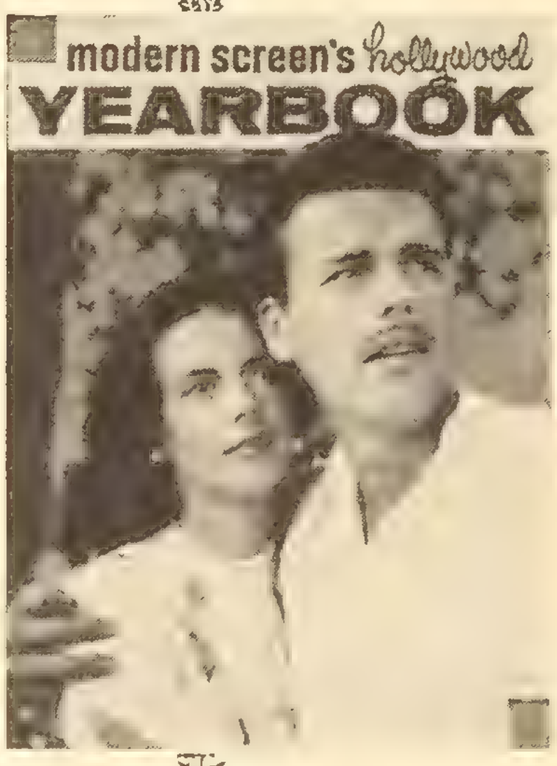
LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

It's the holiday season and the days are filled with news of love . . . and marriage . . . and our new little citizens . . .

A "MERRY CHRISTMAS"



First, let me say "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy January to each and all of you."

This unusual salutation is because MODERN SCREEN is combining it's December and January issues in one big, super-loaded attraction which I'm sure will delight all you readers.

On the surface this might seem that I'm getting some time off—the holidays are a nice time to have a breather—but that is not the case.

I have prepared a detailed review of the 1957 year which will appear in MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK—and I do hope you will read it. Every year brings much drama or comedy to the Hollywood scene, but it seems to me that 1957 has been a particularly colorful twelve months. So, I hope you will go over it with me in the YEARBOOK.

Now for this month's GOOD NEWS from Hollywood . . .

FRANKIE and LAUREN look SERIOUS!

The talk of the town, of course, is—how serious are these rumors that **Frank Sinatra** and **Lauren Bacall** will be married early in 1958 as was "reported" in a London newspaper?

A few months ago I would have said flatly that there is nothing to it. Now, I'm not so sure. Where Frank is concerned, it's always hard to chart a course.

If I had to name the most unpredictable person in show business, I'd have to select Frank. Half the time I think even he doesn't know what he's going to do.

But here is the situation as I make it out: his very, *very* close friends seem to doubt that Sinatra's sincere friendship for Lauren, the widow of his late pal, **Humphrey Bogart,** will lead to marriage. Of course, he likes her very much or he would not spend so much time in her company.

Also, when he recently returned from Europe—where he had been for ten days shooting exteriors for *Kings Go Forth*—his date on his first night back in town was with his old flame, **Peggy Connolly.** They went to a nightclub together, which doesn't sound like Frankie hoped to keep it a secret from anyone. That same week, Peggy was also seen with him on several occasions in Palm Springs.

But when Sinatra returned to Beverly Hills from Palm Springs, he phoned Betty—her close friends call Lauren that: it's her real name—and she dined with him at his favorite hangout, the VILLA CAPRI. And the following night she was his hostess at a party to see the Sugar Ray Robinson-Carmen Basilio fight.

Later I saw them at dinner—and I must say I have seldom seen Frank pay more marked attention and devotion to any girl. From where I sat, it looks like the real thing.

Time will tell, as the saying goes, and we shall see what we shall see.



That's Peggy Connolly Frankie turned his back on—almost as prophetically as if it weren't just to sign an autograph. And, again as if foretelling the future of his feelings for the Weaker Sex—that's Lauren Bacall Frankie helped cut a cake with . . . her birthday cake, on her last birthday . . .

THERE'LL BE A NEW BABY AT THE PALACE...

If the new baby expected by **Princess Grace** and Prince Rainier isn't a boy, I bet she keeps on having children until a son is born, heaven willing.

When she married the Prince, Grace said she wanted a big family. You can bet your piggy-bank that she has no intention of returning to motion pictures.

This she affirmed personally to her good friend and mine, Rupert Allan. He's the charming public relations man at MGM, who had been summoned to Europe by Grace several weeks ago. When I learned Rupert was making the trip I had a strong hunch that Grace wanted him there to make the public announcement that she and Rainier were 'expecting' again. And, sure enough, that was true.

Rupert had joined Their Serene Highnesses in Switzerland just previous to the time they returned to the palace at Monaco for the official announcement, and he wrote me a long letter:

"Both Grace and the Prince have profited by their Swiss vacation here in these beautiful Alps near where the Prince went to school as a boy. They are so rested and happy. Of course, little Princess Caroline is the apple of their eye and there is big excitement over her cutting her first teeth.

"As for Grace, I have never known her to be more glowing or contented. Certainly, there is no thought in her mind of returning to films. She is far too busy and content in her greatest role, that of wife, mother and helpmeet to the Prince. We had a long conversation recently and she told me that she is definitely not interested in any phase of movie making and that reports of a studio being built in Monaco are completely false. This is a happy woman if I have ever seen one, believe me."



The Prince and Princess, when little Princess Caroline first arrived . . .



SOPHIA LOREN MARRIED

The biggest surprise in many a month was Sophia Loren's marriage by proxy in Mexico to Carlo Ponti, her friend and producer of her pictures. Through the Juarez, Mexico marriage registry, I discovered that they had been married on September 17th by Judge Dè La Fuente. Two Mexican attorneys, one representing Sophia and the other Ponti, stood in for the bride and groom. Ponti's attorney is the same who obtained a divorce for him by proxy a few weeks ago. This is the first marriage for Sophia and she has been in love with Ponti for some years. It was through his pictures that she first became known as Italy's leading actress.



AND A NEW BABY AT THE DEBBIE-EDDIE PALACE, TOO!



You never know what the stork is going to do, as **Debbie Reynolds** might well say. Here she was almost a whole year off the screen, between pictures; then just as she's ready to start work in *For Love Or Money* at U-I she and **Eddie Fisher** are expectant parents again.

Debbie was pregnant during the making of her last two films, *Tammy And The Bachelor* and—fittingly enough—in *Bundle Of Joy* which she made with Eddie at RKO. In the latter, she showed her condition so plainly that she played most of the picture wrapped in a concealing mink coat.

However, she is just four months pregnant starting *For Love Or Money*, so she expects to get through the entire film without having to resort to drapery or other disguises.

Of course the Fishers are hoping for a little boy to join their adorable Carrie Frances in the nursery.

IT WAS NICE TO SEE...

...some new winter fashions at the cocktail party MCA prexy Jules Stein and his beautiful wife Joris hosted at their estate, high on a hill in Bel Air. There were so many parties this summer and so many summer clothes, it was almost a relief to find the gals back in hats and gloves again.

I'd no more than stepped into the entrance hall than I ran into **Martha Hyer** and **Gene Kelly.** Gene so seldom appears at a cocktail party, it was almost a news note.

Martha looked stunning in a big black hat, so very chic, framing her blonde hair. When I complimented her, she whispered, "Didn't have time to shampoo my hair, so the hat seemed to be a good idea."

Gene is always so pleasant, and does something few actors do. He thanked me for always being so nice to him whenever I mention him in print. Many actors take everything good for granted—and then sulk if the slightest criticism is printed.

Jane Wyman was another gal who looked like a fashion plate. For a time, when she was so very busy on her TV show last year, it didn't seem to be that Jane was too interested in her appearance.

But at the Steins', she looked like her former self—those cute bangs she used to wear and her dress such a becoming raspberry color, slightly off the shoulder.

And don't tell me this season's maternity clothes aren't smart. **Monica Lewis,** the singer—Mrs. Jennings Lang—is expecting a baby in just a few months, but her pale pink maternity skirt and over-blouse were so smart looking.

No one, thank heavens, had one of those awful looking 'sack' dresses Paris is advocating this season. I think Hollywood will stand on its own feet fashion-wise. At least, I hope so.



JANE WYMAN



MONICA LEWIS



GENE KELLY

I'M ON MY SOAP BOX...

. . . to say that in my book, **Kim Novak** proved herself a smart girl and a real pro by changing her mind and reporting to work in *Amongst The Dead* with **Jimmy Stewart** after she had been put on suspension by her home studio, COLUMBIA, for at first refusing to do the picture because she wanted an adjustment in her contract. That means—more money.

When it looked as if Kim would not do *Amongst The Dead*, it was a terrible blow to Alfred Hitchcock and Jimmy Stewart. The picture was set to roll on the PARAMOUNT lot, the supporting cast had been signed and an enormous amount of money looked like it was going down the drain.

Jimmy Stewart said, "I've seldom been more upset about anything. There are weeks and weeks of preparation before any film is ready to put before the cameras and now it appears this has all been in vain. My next production is not ready and this will mean a tremendous loss of time for me."

Whether Kim read or heard Jimmy's words, I wouldn't know. But something decidedly changed her mind. She notified Hitchcock and PARAMOUNT that she would do the picture and report on time.

And may I say that she went high, high, *high* in everyone's estimation by this act—including Hitchcock and Stewart.

The story has a happy ending because her contract boss, Harry Cohn of COLUMBIA, is so pleased with her he notified her agent immediately that Kim would receive a raise plus the dividend of a beautiful new home, something she has never had.

Let me say again, Kim—you have proven yourself a thoughtful and intelligent girl, not a spoiled movie queen. More success to you!



It's not surprising that Jimmy Stewart was upset when he heard about Kim Novak's first decision . . .

But Kim—like every woman's allowed to!—changed her mind again. And everyone was so happy that she did. Including Kim, 'cause her boss gave her a special kind of 'thank-you.'



I PREDICT WEDDING BELLS...



. . . sometime during this new year, for **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward**—what a good actress she is in *Three Faces Of Eve*.

Paul's divorce should be final sometime in the spring and that he and Joanne are in love is no secret—and hasn't been for a long, long time.

She made a funny crack about which of the three 'personalities' she plays in *Three Faces Of Eve* was the most difficult for her: the good girl, the bad girl, or the normal girl.

"The normal girl," cracked Joanne. "I'm not at all that way myself, you know."

NO MORE COMMERCIALS FOR OSCAR

Hurray, hurray and a couple of hallelujahs. The motion picture industry, of course through THE MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, is going to finance its own ACADEMY AWARDS NIGHT next year—which should have been done years ago. No more long-drawn-out commercials, no more untimely interruptions while an outside sponsor takes over to plug a new automobile.

I sincerely believe you fans are in for a great treat when you see the OSCAR SHOW next time. Every effort will be made to make this the biggest TV program ever beamed out of Hollywood. Expenses will be paid by all members of the motion picture industry who make a profit out of films.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

I'll be glad when **Marlon Brando** gets rid of that blond hair he's wearing for *The Young Lions*. Doesn't look like himself. . . .

Speaking of Marlon, he and his former girl friend, **Rita Moreno,** don't speak when they run into each other these days. Rita had been so crazy about him at one time that she went all the way to Japan to be with him while he was making *Teahouse Of The August Moon*. But when they sat at the very next table to each other recently in the 20TH commissary, they might have been oceans apart for all the recognition they gave each other. . . .

Gia Scala is a perfect delight in *Don't Go Near The Water*. She is one of my favorite beauties, with her dark hair and green eyes, and she has such poise. She's one of the new "big girls" clicking in films along with **Sophia Loren** and **Anita Ekberg.** There seems to be a vogue for these tall, statuesque beauties in movies these days. . . .

The latest stellar gimmick is a wardrobe of clothes the same color as the hair. **Lana Turner's** new wardrobe is mostly 'tawny' and red-head **Rhonda Fleming** is wearing many red evening gowns. . . .

I predict that popular **Hugh O'Brian,** by this time next year, will be as famed as an actor and a singer as he is as *Wyatt Earp*. His record is very good and there is much favorable comment on his singing voice. Hugh hasn't been making any tremendous amount of money playing *Wyatt Earp* but I hear that will be 'earpped' right away to keep the boy happy. . . .



MARLON BRANDO



RITA MORENO

HUGH O'BRIAN



GIA SCALA



HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGEST DEBUTANTES

The **Guy Madisons** welcome their new daughter, and chose the cutest name for her—Dolly Madison.

"No, we didn't name her for the famed President's wife," Sheila Madison told me. "It's just that both Guy and I like the name Dolly—and it just comes out Dolly Madison," she laughed.

Guy isn't at all disappointed, he swears, over having another girl. I've been invited to be Dolly's godmother, and I couldn't be more pleased.

Another debutante on the Hollywood scene is the daughter born to the **Donald O'Connors.** Don was so sure it would be a boy—he has a girl, Donna, by his previous marriage—that they didn't have a name picked out right away. They later decided on Alicia.

"But now she's here I'm glad she's a girl," Don told me. "I get along well with the fair sex and I may just raise a ltitle harem," he idded.





The Guy Madisons just got a little Dolly added to their family. And—now that she's here—Guy swears he isn't disappointed at all that it isn't a baby boy!

And the other debutante to make her appearance on the Hollywood scene—is the young O'Connor. Don admits that he was so sure it would be a boy that they were caught all unprepared. But Don and his wife came up with some fast thinking—and everything's all taken care of . . . in the 'what shall we name her' department!

NO, IT ISN'T TRUE!

It was an unfortunate coincidence that rumors of trouble between **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage, and **Jeff Chandler** and his wife Marjorie involved both couples just at a time when Esther and Jeff were co-starring in a movie in Italy.

When I called Ben to check the story that Esther had gone on to the VENICE FILM FESTIVAL instead of returning home to Hollywood—and him—when the picture was finished, Gage said: "Yes, it's true she decided to attend the FESTIVAL. That's just good public relations. But we haven't had any trouble at all—unless you want to call being separated by distance for so long, trouble.

"Esther has been gone three months, three days and three hours. I can tell you the exact time because I miss her so much. But she will be coming home soon and the children and I can hardly wait to see her."

Jeff Chandler ignored the talk that he and Marjorie had hit some difficulties. He isn't a boy to air his personal problems anyway.



MR. & MRS. BEN GAGE

MR. & MRS. JEFF CHANDLER



THE BEST NEWS ABOUT GENE TIERNEY...

. . . is that she's well enough, after years away from Hollywood, to return to 20TH CENTURY-FOX and a new picture. The beautiful Gene, who had so much unhappiness in her life that she suffered one breakdown after the other, is so much better that her doctors say she is not only able to return to work—she should.

Gene has so much talent and glamor it is wonderful indeed to welcome her 'home' in *The Young Know Best*, which she will be starting very soon.

Good luck, Gene!



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM...



. . . **Sandra Dee.** She's the cutest ninety-eight pounds of blonde pertness and cuteness to come along since **Shirley Temple** was fifteen years old, Sandra's age. With her blonde hair and wide eyes she looks like a doll. Out at MGM, where she made her film debut with **Paul Newman** and **Jean Simmons** in *Until They Sail*, they act like they'd found a gold mine or an oil field.

Until a few months ago, she was a model for teen-age clothes in New York. Everything Sandra wore in the fashion portrait sold like hot cakes because all the teen-agers hoped they would look like her.

It's a big thing in her life that she gets her first screen kiss—in the movie from young **John Wilder.** Asked how it feels, she laughed, "Just comes naturally for me, I guess. I liked it."

In the picture she ages from twelve to seventeen. "I had to report in make-up every morning at 7 o'clock to be made to look old," she said. Old?????

Ask her the difference between being a successful model and a movie actress and Sandra's mind runs to money. "I made $78,000 last year as a model. I won't make near that much this year as an actress. But I love it."

Born in Bayonne, New Jersey, April 23rd, 1942, she was modeling for Conover when she was twelve and a year later was being hailed in the fashion world as one of America's top ten models. In a single year she had her picture on seven magazine covers.

The great tragedy of her short life is that her adored father, Eugene Douvain, died on September 11th, 1956. "But Daddy lived to see me launched on my career," she says softly. "I shall never do anything to let him down."

This elfin little girl is really on her way to stardom.

SUSAN IS SO HAPPY



At this writing it will take a very, very good picture to bring **Susan Hayward** back to the screen.

She's so happy with her bridegroom, Eaton Chalkley, that she's content to stay right on the farm in Georgia.

But what a farm!

She tells me there are possums, deer, all kinds of birds, horses—in fact, it's a huge estate. She and Chalkley with her twin boys, Timothy and Gregory, are living in the guest house until the big house is redecorated.

When I talked with her, she told me she came back to Hollywood to send her furniture to Georgia, and not to get a job. "I don't want to work over the holidays. I want to be with my family," she said, "until after the first of the year."

I have known Susan for many, many years, and never heard her as relaxed and as happy. Neither she nor I mentioned **Jess Barker,** who that day was announced as having become engaged to a nurse, Joy Blaine.

AS THIS IS WRITTEN...

. . . there's a chance that the **Jack Palances** will call off their lawyers and get together again. Because of their three children, this is greatly to be desired.

But I heard a very funny remark at the time of their estrangement. It was just as Jack was doing the life of the bullfighter Manolete on TV that the judge ruled that Mrs. Palance should receive $50,000 yearly and $1,000 monthly support.

The day of the television show was the day the judge made his decision. After seeing 'Manolete' killed by a bull at the finale of the show, a watcher turned to a group and said, "Looks like Jack got gored twice today."



THE LETTER BOX:

John Guszah, Chicago, asks bluntly: *"Why is it that the actresses who marry and divorce and fall in and out of love at the drop of a hat—I refer to* ***Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Elizabeth Taylor****—get all the important roles at the highest salaries? Does notoriety breed talent???"* Maybe it's vice versa, John.

"Is ***Eddie Fisher,*** *the singer in the family, sore because* ***Debbie Reynolds'*** *record,* TAMMY, *is a smash hit—and Eddie hasn't had one in a long, long time?"* asks Carrie Cummings, Newton, Pa. I wouldn't say so. On Eddie's first TV show of the season he kiddingly asked Debbie how to get a hit record.

Helen Troy—amusingly, from Troy, New York—wants to put in her 'two cents' on the burning question of **Elvis Presley** vs. **Pat Boone:** *"Pat is the best looking and the best singer. But Elvis has a more socko personality and singing style."* You'll probably get an argument from both camps, Miss Helen of Troy. . . .

"I wish ***Kim Novak*** *would marry Mac Krim. He seems so devoted and I think he would make her a much better husband than that rich Italian,"* writes another Kim—Kim Morris, of Fort Worth. Don't rule Mac out of the running yet. Kim hasn't.

Dennis Smith, Polk, Ohio, complains that he doesn't read or hear enough about his favorite, ***Rita Hayworth.*** *"She is the most magnetic woman star of the screen,"* he opines. Wait until *Pal Joey* is released, Pal. There will be a Rita boom all over again. . . .

There were a large number of people plugging young ***John Smith***—all out of Kansas City, Mo., this month. He's either got a lot of admirers there, or one admirer working overtime under various 'noms de plume'. . . .

"I think it is very snobby of ***Robert Taylor*** and ***Ursula Thiess*** *not to let their fans see a picture of their little son, Terry. Why shouldn't they want to share their joy and happiness with the people who admire them so much?"* protests Ima Weir, Brooklyn. Bob is one of the actors who does everything to keep his private life *private,* Ima, plus the fact that many stars fear kidnapping by making a child's face too familiar in print. . . .

Althea McCutcheon, Toledo, Ohio, says: *"Don't you think* ***Tommy Sands*** *should get a hair cut? He's got more bangs down over his forehead than I have."* Tommy is just a kid, Althea. Let's leave him young and 'natural' for a while without trying to change his looks. He's done all right so far with his looks and voice. . . .

"Glenn Ford *is the best actor in movies for either comedy or drama. How come we never read any stories about him in* MODERN SCREEN?" asks Allen Ford, Cleveland. You'll have to take that up with editor David Myers, my friend, although I seem to recall that Glenn is pretty well covered in the magazine. . . .

Conrad Forrester didn't like *Joan Of Arc* with ***Jean Seberg.*** *"When are they ever going to quit making 'Joan'? Even the great Ingrid Bergman couldn't make it a hit—and certainly not an inexperienced novice like Jean Seberg."* Well, give her another chance. You may change your mind when you see Jean in *Bonjour Tristesse,* another movie for Otto Preminger.

That's all for now.

Louella O. Parsons



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Even women who have extremely difficult hair now find that Sof-Set Curl Control lets them re-style their hair often...in new different ways...and they need pin-up far less often when they make Curl Control spray-first pin-ups.

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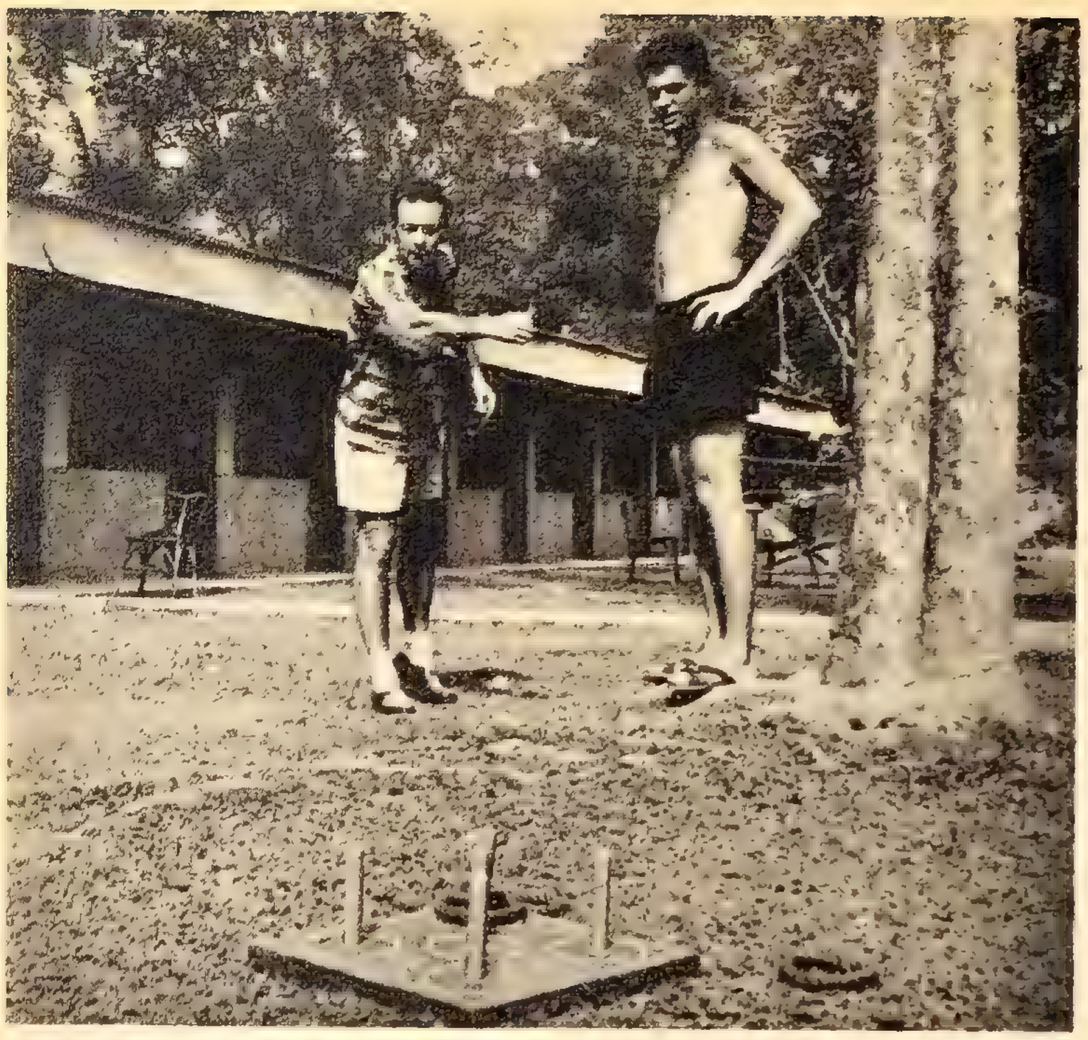
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How BILL HOLDEN Helped JEFF HORNE Get over Being scared

■ "We're going to start shooting tomorrow morning at 7 a.m.," the director said. As he heard these words young Geoffrey Horne's stomach flip-flopped. This was it. Zero Hour. Only his second appearance before a camera. Oh, sure, he had lots of experience—on the stage, on TV, but this was only his second movie. And he was scared.

He didn't get much sleep that night. He tossed and turned in his bunk. He listened to the Ceylonese jungle noises outside, shivered, and said to himself, "I'd rather take my chances in that jungle right now than face the camera tomorrow." And then he dozed off.

At six in the morning his alarm rang and Jeff jumped out of bed. He washed, dressed, took a swig of coffee from a thermos bottle and hurried to the river where the scene was to be shot. One other person was there. William Holden.

"Good morning, Mr. Holden," Jeff said.

"Morning, Jeff—only the name's Bill."

And for forty-five minutes the veteran actor and the youngster were alone. Jeff found it very easy to talk to Bill. In fact, Jeff was soon telling Bill how scared he was now that the actual shooting of *The Bridge On The River Kwai* was about to begin.

Bill listened quietly, nodded, and then said, "I'm scared, too."

"What? After all, *you've* . . ."

". . . been in lots and lots of pictures," Bill continued. "I know, but it doesn't matter. Take this picture, for instance. Today they're going to shoot us building a raft. For the next two weeks we'll be in and out of that river. No dialogue; just dunking and drying off, dunking and drying off, for two weeks. Easy. No acting, just in and out. But I'm scared."

Bill was right. For two weeks, camouflaged from head to foot like the other *soldiers* in *The Bridge On The River Kwai,* it was dunk and dry, dunk and dry, in and out of the river again and again. The jungle was sweltering and the water was cool. But the water was also filthy. Late in the afternoons the actor-soldiers got cold, and when they dragged themselves out of the river for the last time, everyone was served brandy—"for medicinal purposes," as Jeff said, "and no kidding about that brandy being strictly what the doctor ordered!"

Throughout this time, in the days and during the evenings, Bill went out of his way to give Jeff encouragement. Little things . . . but important.

A little thing . . . Bill invited Jeff to help him set off fire balloons. At twilight Jeff would hold one of Bill's balloons, Bill would light a fire under it, and it would soar into the air, flaming higher and higher for about fifteen minutes until it disappeared from view.

A little thing . . . Bill would take Jeff along when he visited his own private zoo. Bill loves animals and managed to collect a bunch of them: a baby elephant, parrots, snakes, monkeys. Jeff helped feed them—all but the snakes, which he left strictly to Bill.

A little thing . . . Jeff was always part of the jam session that Bill organized. If there was anything Bill liked to collect more than animals, it was Ceylonese drums. Once in a while, late at night, he'd get the gang together: one of the cameramen who had been a well-known jazz drummer, the assistant make-up man, a Ceylonese native who was a famous dancer, other dancers from the village and Jeff. Bill would set the beat; the cameraman would join in; the dancers would respond to the rhythm—and away they'd go, far into the morning.

A little thing . . . like pitching quoits. Bill was an expert, the champ, but Jeff himself said he soon became "the second best quoit-thrower in Ceylon."

Finally the day came when the preliminary shooting of the river scenes was over and it was time for Jeff to say his first line. He had to say it to Bill and he froze up. Petrified—like stone. Not a word would come out. And Bill, just off-camera as Jeff was in the center of the screen for a close-up, smiled at him—a warm, friendly, encouraging grin. And the words came out of Jeff's mouth, even before he knew it—not good, not loud. But the ice was broken, the fear was gone . . .

Bill and Jeff appear in Columbia's THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, *and Jeff in Columbia's* BONJOUR TRISTESSE.

new movies (*continued from page 8*)

hundred times that she's no good, he won't believe it. How can a girl with such a wardrobe and such a gorgeous color hair be no good? She also has a little son (Gary Hunley) whom she keeps sending off to boarding school, but Rod is convinced she'd rather keep him home. So he marries Diana and takes her home to Mama (Beulah Bondi) and the vineyard which is worth a fortune. That is the fortune Diana would like to have. She would also like to have a handsome young man named Tom Tryon, and proceeds to get both by murder. She commits a perfect crime, and innocent Rod Steiger winds up in the deathhouse. But there are forces at work—there's Rod's brother, priest Arthur Franz, whose very presence gives Diana the shivers; there's Rod's indestructible nobility and there's 'the good' which apparently lurks in even the most corrupt of souls.—TECHNICOLOR, U-I.

MISGUIDED

English delinquents

George Baker
Frankie Vaughan
Carole Lesley
Jackie Lane
Katherine Kath

■ We have Elvis Presley, but England has Frankie Vaughan and after you see this movie you'll be hard put to choose between them. Story's set in Liverpool where a gang of teen-age delinquents hang out in a cave on the waterfront. But these delinquents seem a cut above some of our own. They go to respectable dance halls, for instance, and meet respectable girls. Frankie wins a singing contest and meets pretty Carole Lesley on the same night. Shortly thereafter he's drafted, but he has a tendency to bad behavior when aroused. He smears someone's face with mashed potatoes, socks a chaplain (George Baker) in the jaw and shaves all the hair off the company barber. He really gets into trouble when someone tricks him into leading his squad onto a minefield where his best friend is blown up. AWOL and wanted for murder Vaughan does a lot of sweating before he grows up. You'll be fascinated by this view of teen-agers in another country. —WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE SUN ALSO RISES (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Ernest Hemingway's famous novel of the 1920's comes to the screen in color. Ava Gardner flits from Mel Ferrer to Errol Flynn to a young matador (Robert Evans) always returning to Tyrone Power (left impotent by a war injury) for comfort. Gay scenes of Paris and the spectacle of the bullfighting season in Spain.

LES GIRLS (CinemaScope, MGM): A funny, sophisticated story about the aftermath of a book published about a youthful Paris dance team—Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Taina Elg and Gene Kelly. They have since married, and well—now these revelations are very threatening. Each tells his own version of what actually happened, and you may believe whichever one you choose.

OPERATION MADBALL (Columbia): A crazy, mixed-up triangle involving Private Jack Lemmon, army dietician Kathryn Grant and Captain Ernie Kovacs—involving also a morgue, a missing corpse, escaping German prisoners of war, and many other zany ingredients. Mickey Rooney provides some solutions when the party gets rough.

THE WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN (Warners): A scatterbrained housewife (Yvonne Mitchell) keeps her husband (Anthony Quayle) and teen-age son (Andrew Ray) happy with her slapdash ways of fixing meals and homemaking. Then comes Sylvia Syms, a young, efficient, tidy secretary. See if twenty years of marriage can hold out against order and youth.

Christmas is the time to make merry

■ It seems that Christmas begins a little earlier, lasts a little longer, and gets a little gayer with each passing year. Not too long ago, the celebration of Christmas was generally confined to one day—December 25th. December 24th was a workday like any other. Nobody got giggly-drunk at an office party at three in the afternoon. Today most of us start getting into the Christmas spirit long before December 24th even! As soon as summer ends the storekeepers start warning us to *hurry! hurry! hurry!* because there are only 100 shopping days till Christmas. Around the time it starts getting dark before dinner, you begin to notice Christmas lights on the shops in town—and a little later, around the beginning of December, you start stringing up lights in your own front window. Even Santa Claus arrives in the toy section of your department store a month early nowadays. It's no wonder then that the Hollywood kids to the right—Dolores Hart, Earl Holliman, Doug Odney, Rad Fulton, Sally Todd and Gia Scala—started celebrating Christmas *way* early this year—early enough for us to show you their party in our magazine. We claim it's the first Christmas Party of 1957. To tell you the truth, we threw it even before Thanksgiving! If we've jumped the gun a little, we hope you'll forgive us—for after all, Christmas is no longer just one day of the year. It's a feeling in your bones, a lilt in the air, a sound of bells ringing. C'mon and listen!



For Hollywood's younger set, Modern Screen throws the

first party of the Christmas season

text by Marcia Borie

■ "Let's have a party!"

"Yeah!" one of the other kids yelled.

"But let's have it on *you!*"

Now, that may not sound very hospitable, but—Hollywood's younger stars mostly are from every place *but* Hollywood. And who's got a place big enough for a party—so far from their *real* homes and families. . . .

"Let's have it on *me,*" a fourth voice chimed in. "Well, on MODERN SCREEN, that is," he added. That fourth voice was your magazine's Hollywood correspondent, of course, sitting around the UNICORN having a coke too.

And that's how it happened—how MODERN SCREEN threw Hollywood's first party of the Christmas season!



Nick Adams can't keep up with Lili Gentle, David Nelson, and Nancy Milanese—they're opening presents already!

Dick Sargent's careful—so he doesn't know what's inside yet. But Dolores Hart and Toby Richards know what they got!

"Oooooh... look what I got!"



Oh, come all ye nibblers—

Gia Scala was elected to do the cake cutting—and the line-up waiting for the goodies called for fast action. Dolores Hart, Robert Horton, Lori Nelson, John Smith, Gia, Susan Oliver—holding her plate high with victory and cake-Rafael Campos, and Rad Fulton.







Above *Even in Hollywood gifts don't grow on trees—which is why Barbara Perkins is asking Russ Tamblyn how come his present to her* DID *grow on a tree!*

Left *"Well, of course my stocking's bigger than yours —because* I'M *bigger than you are!" John Smith tells cute little Lori Nelson. No one's complaining, though. They're both pleased as punch with what's inside.





Above *Three chefs in the kitchen—well, the outdoor grill—and all's right with the world, as far as hamburgers and franks are concerned. Bob Horton and Earl Holliman have loads of advice for Leslie Nielsen on the subject of how to charcoal-broil that burger and flip it just right.*

Right *David Nelson got his and Nancy Milanese's plates piled high with a good bit of everything, then reached for a stocking to give his date as an extra surprise.*

continued

the gang has a BALL, –foolin' around, dancin', singing carols

The party was pretty much a cooperative bit, with everybody helping to decorate the tree and the outdoor patio.

The party officially started at six, and when Lori Nelson and John Smith arrived, they were immediately voted the most Christmasy twosome in town because of their bright red clothes!

Natalie Wood couldn't make it—shooting on *Marjorie Morningstar* had started in New York. And naturally, Bob Wagner was in New York too! Where Nat goes these days—Bob goes.

It wasn't long before the whole gang was there—and just having their good friends around was the best part of all for these attractive, talented, famous people living in a city known for glamour—and known for loneliness. The loneliness that's always around in a sentimental town made up of southerners, northerners, mid-westerners and visitors from all over the world—for whom spending Christmas at home, too often, is more a dream than a reality.

But—though there may not have been any snow or Christmas trees around—certainly nowhere on earth was there more of a feeling of *Brotherhood and Good Will* than in Hollywood, California, on that night a couple of weeks before "The night before Christmas" . . .



Dolores Hart, Anne Francis, Lori Nelson and John Smith really live it up, making with the noisemakers like crazy. It wasn't New Year's yet, but they couldn't resist rushing the season. And after all, why not? It wasn't Christmas yet, either!

What's a party without lollipops and laughs?

. . . and without some cheek-to-cheeking?



Doug Odney finally got his girl on the dance floor, and Gia Scala looks like she's got cutting a rug down pat. Doug's known to you TV'ers.

Members of "the gang" are playing in these movies. Don't miss 'em:

Nick Adams:
Warner Bros.' *No Time For Sergeants*
Paramount's *Teacher's Pet*
20th Century-Fox's *The Singin' Idol*

Earl Holliman:
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
Paramount's *Hot Spell*

Lili Gentle:
20th Century-Fox's *The Singin' Idol*
20th Century-Fox's *Young And Dangerous*
20th Century-Fox's *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*

Anne Francis:
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
MGM's *Hired Gun*

David Nelson:
20th Century-Fox's *Peyton Place*

Russ Tamblyn:
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
20th Century-Fox's *Peyton Place*

Gia Scala:
Columbia's *Garment Jungle*
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
U-I's *Middle Of The Street*

Dean Jones:
MGM's *Jailhouse Rock*
MGM's *Mock Trial*
MGM's *Until They Sail*

Dolores Hart:
Paramount's *Wild Is The Wind*

Susan Oliver:
Warner Bros.' *The Green-Eyed Blonde*

Edward Byrnes:
Warner Bros.' *Darby's Rangers*
Warner Bros.' *Marjorie Morningstar*

Leslie Nielsen:
U-I's *Tammy And The Bachelor*
MGM's *The Sheepman*

Rad Fulton:
Warner Bros.' *No Time For Sergeants*

Rafael Campos:
Disney-Buena Vista's *The Light In The Forest*

Steve Rowland:
MGM's *Gun Glory*

Larry "Bud" Pennell:
Paramount's *Devil's Hairpin*

Buddy Bregman:
U-I's *The Big Beat*

John Smith:
Republic's *The Crooked Circle*

Right *Back to nibbling again—Steve Rowland, Dick Sargent and his date Janet MacDonald, and Earl Holliman all working at the big jobs, the* KING-*size lollipops!*



Below *Those noisemakers were guaranteed to pop, and man, did they ever! That's Dean Jones, Gia Scala, Lori Nelson, John Smith, Buddy Bregman and Anne Francis.*



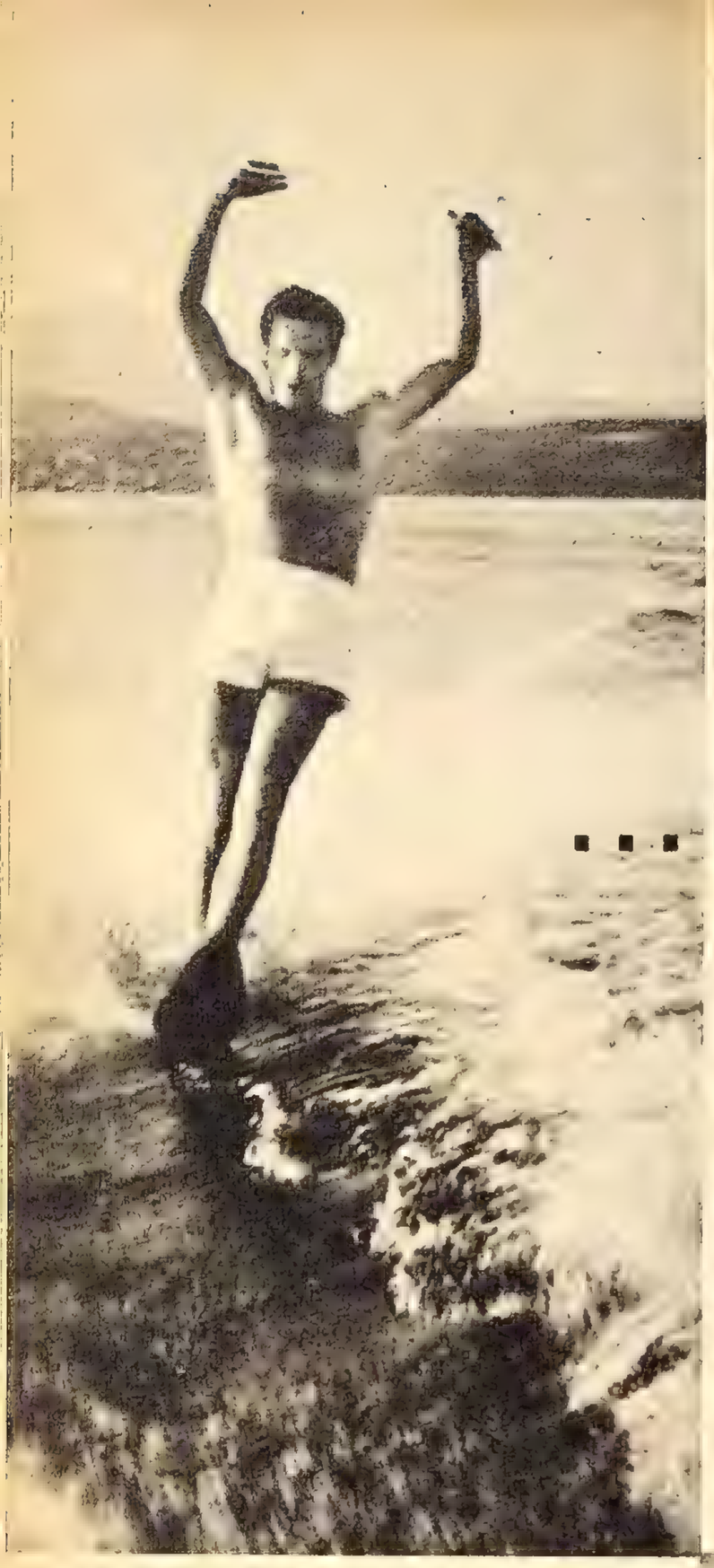




Above *Now Earl Holliman, on the other hand, looks like he wouldn't mind a few last-minute instructions on the art of dancing—and Dolores Hart's the gal to give them.*

Left *Making sweet music together—as well as dancing to it—are Toby Richards, Bud Pennell, Anne Francis and Buddy Bregman. See that romance-light shining?*

For the story of two kids who couldn't come to the party, turn the page →



...meanwhile, up at the lake, NATALIE and BOB were falling in love

Natalie was working—and Bob was just being where his heart is. During the days, there wasn't much for him to do—just hang around until Nat was through on the set. But after five, there was waterskiing—and having Nat mop him up after he'd get dunked. And there was ping-pong, with Master Bob showing his girl just the right grip. And love . . .







■ And it's for real!

The place was Schroon Lake, in New York. Now, Natalie Wood *had* to be there: they were doing some location shots for *Marjorie Morningstar*. But Bob *didn't* have to be up in Schroon Lake—with nothing to do all day while Nat was working, with nothing to do most of the evening because Nat had to get to bed early after an early dinner—so she'd look starry-eyed for the cameras.

No, Bob could've been back in Hollywood, home, living it up with his friends and at parties and having a ball.

But, for Bob, having a ball was killing the day any old which way—just for the couple of hours, evening after evening for five weeks, that he could spend alone with Nat having dinner together in her hotel room, while her Mom and kid sister Lana and the rest of the crew dined community style in the hotel dining room.

Just for a couple of hours alone, together. . . .



For your own Thanksgiving,
Christmas and New Year
parties and dinners,
why not try . . .

holiday recipes of the stars



text by Jane Wilkie, caricatures by Saxon

ROCK HUDSON'S HOT BUTTERED RUM

I don't know that hot buttered rum has anything to do traditionally with Christmas—certainly not in California where roses bloom in December, but in the European Alps where I made *A Farewell To Arms*, it's a drink that makes any day festive. On Christmas there, they triple the dose, and Phyllis and I are going to tip a tankard of it come Christmas, even if we're having a heat wave. If it's snowing where you live, so much the better.

3 ounces of Jamaica Rum
lemon peel
stick of cinnamon
1 clove
boiling cider
a pat of butter

To concoct this mixture, you put the rum, lemon peel, clove and stick of cinnamon in a heavy mug or pewter tankard, fill it with boiling cider and float the pat of butter on top. Stir well, and live it up.

DORIS DAY'S SAUCE FOR BROCCOLI

Maybe you want peas for a vegetable. But it seems to me that everyone has peas. Broccoli, admittedly, doesn't sound much better; as a matter of fact I used to walk a mile to get away from broccoli. But that was before I found out about this sauce.

To serve the vegetable to four people—six with small appetites—you make the following quantity of the sauce:

1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 cup of water
1 tsp. cornstarch
1 lump of butter

Combine water and cornstarch, making a smooth paste, and add to other ingredients, gradually, and simmer until it has the consistency of —well, not so thick that it's like a paste, and not so thin that it will run all over the dinner plate. It's that easy, and with broccoli it's a wonderful combination with chicken or turkey.



SAL MINEO'S CHRISTMAS EVE DINNER

Christmas is Christmas and turkey is turkey, but the holiday meal I like best is the Christmas Eve spread. We're not allowed to eat meat that night, and the meal Mom fixes has always flipped me. She sets out a super antipasto, with anchovies, and provolone cheese—the whole business, with oil and vinegar over it, and then comes the lobster and spaghetti. I've watched her make it a million times but I've been so busy drooling that I never paid attention to how she did it. So I asked her for the recipe, and I don't mind saying it wasn't easy to get it out of her. Mom figures her lobster and spaghetti is her own property.

Anyway, she says first you get a live lobster. If you want it in pieces, cut off the claws and the tail, and the body makes a fourth portion. Put it in a pot—not too big a pot, but big enough to hold it—with some olive oil and a couple of cloves of garlic. Put a cover on the pot, real tight, and steam the lobster for about ten minutes.

Now comes the sauce. Into the same pot, on top of the lobster, you strain a large can of Italian tomatoes and a can of tomato paste. Chop up some parsley and throw it in, and salt and pepper. Cover it, not too tightly, and cook over a very low heat for about three quarters of an hour.

Then make the spaghetti, drain it, and pour the sauce over it. Mom serves her lobster and spaghetti with a salad, and for dessert we have Italian pastries and demitasse. Once you taste this dish, if you're not Italian, you'll wish you were. It's fabulous!

LIZ TAYLOR'S CHICKEN STEAMED IN WINE

It doesn't always *have* to be turkey, and if you'd like to try chicken, I know of no better way to cook it than this. Another point in its favor: because it's so elegant it sounds difficult, but

continued



actually you will find that it is quite easy.

Flour chicken pieces lightly and saute to a golden brown in olive oil. For 3 to 4 pounds of chicken, slice one small onion over the top, add a clove of minced garlic, 2 bay leaves, 2 tablespoons of minced parsley, salt and pepper, and finally 1½ cups of good dry sauterne wine.

Cover and simmer for about an hour.

And that's it!

It's wonderful over rice or just by itself, but do have French bread or something to mop up the wonderful sauce.

ANN BLYTH'S
MOLDED DESSERT

By the time I finish a Christmas dinner I never have room for dessert—particularly the traditional desserts that weigh you down like a rock. So instead of pie or pudding, you might try my own favorite to follow a heavy meal. This recipe serves six—or eight if you're really full.

Beat 6 egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add 2½ tablespoons of sugar, a dash of salt and 1⅓ cups of sweet sauterne wine. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1 tablespoon of gelatine, softened in ¼ cup cold water. Remove from heat and cool. Then fold in 1 cup of sweetened whipped cream to which has been added ⅛ teaspoon of almond extract. Turn into large or individual molds and chill several hours.

It's delicious, it's light, and you just may be able to eat it.

Even after a double serving of everything else on your table.

TONY CURTIS'
TOLTOT KAPOSZTA

You may well ask what a creepy sounding dish such as this has to do with Christmas. Even when it's translated from Hungarian into stuffed cabbage, it still is a far cry from jingle bells and all that sort of thing. You may also ask what I'm doing putting my oar into a Christian holiday. When I was a kid in New York my closest friends were Irish and Italian, and we shared everything, even holidays. So I figured if they were having a big day, I might as well get into the act, and always asked Mom to whip up her stuffed cabbage, my favorite then and my favorite still. Even today it symbolizes Christmas to me, and some years Janet and I forego turkey at home and go over to Mom's for this succulent Hungarian bubble and squeak.

The recipe makes eighteen stuffings and serves six.

1 lb. ground beef
1 onion, 2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 cup rice
1½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper
1 head cabbage
2 tbsp. chicken fat
1 large onion, cut in rings
¾ large can tomato juice
1 cup sauerkraut and juice
1 glass water

Cut the core from cabbage and place cabbage in pot of boiling water. Turn off heat and let stand ten to fifteen minutes to soften leaves. Remove cabbage from water and drain. Put meat in a bowl with next five ingredients and mix thoroughly. Separate cabbage leaves carefully, keeping them whole. Put a leaf on a large plate and shave off rib to match thickness of leaf. Put a spoonful of meat mixture on leaf near base and roll up loosely to permit swelling of rice. In a large pot, fry onions in chicken fat until golden brown. Add tomato juice and sauerkraut and juice. Arrange stuffed leaves in pot and pour in water. Cover and simmer over low heat one and one-half to two hours, or until rice is soft.

(Continued on page 77)



Christmas means love

■ Christmas means love. For God so loved the world that on Christmas day He gave His only begotten Son. . . .

On Christmas day, our Most Blessed Mother gave Her Perfect Love to Her Child.

On Christmas day, The Infant first received the enfolding care and tenderness that—since the world began—has been the right of all children.

And thirty years later Jesus said *Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

. . . Here are the stories of three children who came unto Jesus—

The lonely child.

The unwanted child.

The very sick child.

And the stories of these little children . . . are stories of Love.



Earl Holliman remembers when his new ma told him—

"We could choose any baby . . . and picked you."

■ "I was four years old," Earl Holliman tells you, "and I remember I got two Christmas presents. One was some kind f a toy; my father had carved it himself, I think.

The other was a present I'll never forget. My mother gave it to me—that is, the woman I call my mother. She sat me on her knee and said she was going to tell me a beautiful story," Earl recalls, "and to me it was: How two people wanted a boy more than anything in the world, but couldn't have one. How they hunted all over the ountry with empty hearts and finally found a boy ney wanted more than any boy in the world. How that boy made them happy and grateful and glad.

'And that boy' she ended, 'was you!' I begged for that story every Christmas after that for a long time—it was my best Christmas present— nd to me it was as wonderful as the story of Jesus in the manger.

I grew up knowing I was adopted, appreciating it, loving my parents all the more for it and feeling specially blessed because of it."

But Earl didn't get a chance to grow up far before his world began to wobble . . . His world began to crumble in a Shreveport, ouisiana, jailhouse just nine years after that rst Christmas story. Earl walked into the jail and knew that upstairs someplace, in that dark and cold building, his father was dying.

"But he never did anything wrong," the boy assured himself, trying to quiet the fear rabbing his stomach, sitting on the hard oak bench, watching the cops walking in and out— and waiting for his mother to come back down rom the jail infirmary. *(Continued on page 81)*

by Kirtley Baskette




All She Wants to Be Is a
MOVIE STAR
PLAYBOY
TOM and JERRY'S
PARTY

In her own words, Jayne Mansfield tells what it's like to be an "only child"...and how she is giving her own daughter the love that any child—"only" or otherwise—needs.

"Mommy, I'd like a brother or sister."

■ I used to be very sorry for myself,
and all because I was an only child.
I might still be—if it hadn't been for that hot
summer evening in Dallas, Texas, when I was eight.
But I'm getting ahead of the story. Because my story
really starts five years before, when I was only three—
and it dates back to a night on the highway
leading into Philipsburg, New Jersey. I remember it very
hazily, because I was just three, but that was the night
I first felt loneliness . . .
We were coming back from a visit with relatives. Daddy
was driving, as usual. He was a young man, just thirty
at his last birthday. Handsome, too. And so kind.
We were pulling around a curve about forty miles from
town when he suddenly collapsed.
If Mother hadn't grabbed the wheel, we would have
crashed. She managed to pull the car over to the
side of the road, bring us to a safe stop, and
turn off the ignition.
But Daddy was dead. He had died of a heart attack.
At three, a child's reasoning, like her love, is not
rational. At the funeral, which I hardly remember,
I cried because I loved him, and he would no longer
be with me. It took several years till I realized I would
never have the brother or sister I had wanted
so badly. Even after Mother remarried, when I was
six, she had no more chidren.
This feeling of being alone, the envy of watching
other children play with their brothers and sisters,
of envying even their quarrels grew into a constant,
underlying feeling of discontent and self pity. Yet
it didn't really break to the surface till that
summer day in Dallas.
I had been playing jacks with *(Continued on page 75)*



That's what Jayne herself used to say, to her own mother, from just about as far back as Jayne can remember . . .

Suddenly Richard's little thin face wasn't smiling any more. Intently he looked up at his father, Red Skelton, and asked:

"Daddy, what's it like to die?"



■ *Lots of things have happened during the past year that Red Skelton will remember. But one night last summer stands out above the others. It is the night Red will never forget, not for as long as he lives. . . .*

Red couldn't fall asleep that night. It was that face his son Richard had made at dinner. Red couldn't wipe the picture of it from his mind. They'd been sitting there at the table eating and talking—Red and his wife, Georgia, and little Valentina and Richard—when all of a sudden Richard dropped his fork and groaned a little and made a face, the kind of face a little boy might make if his food happened to go down the wrong pipe, but which in this case screamed over at Red as meaning something hurts, something hurts. *The others at the table hadn't noticed it. It had only lasted a few seconds. But after dinner Red had taken his son aside and asked him if he felt okay. The boy had said* sure, Pop, sure—*and Red had let it go at that. He didn't want to frighten Richard. Richard had leukemia, cancer of the blood, and Richard was going to die soon, and thank God Richard didn't know about this, and thank God the pain and the real sickness that come with the end hadn't started, really started, and Red wasn't going to begin frightening the boy with too many questions, too much outward concern. But deep* (Continued on page 66)

by Joseph J. Rosiello



Journey of Hope



Richard said he wanted to see so many places—and people. Now, Red knew, now was the time . . . There was the Shrine at Lourdes, where so many of the halt and the lame and the blind had miraculously been cured. And then that wonderful meeting with the Pope.







And getting together with Maurice Chevalier and learning how to imitate him while Valentina, his big sister, laughed at him . . . and then showing Pop how to do it later. And running into Johnnie Ray—way over there in Europe. So many places—and people. . . .



DEBBIE REYNOLDS entertained 2,500 Korean GIs

■ "Eddie and I have Carrie Frances, who will be exactly one year and six weeks old this Christmas. And of course, to see her gurgle over the toys and her little tree will be the most heartwarming Christmas either of us has ever spent.

"But I must admit that a Christmas that will stay long in my memory is one I spent miles and miles away from home and Hollywood.

"Before Eddie and I were married, I spent several Christmases overseas entertaining American servicemen from Iceland to the Far East. That was 1952, and Christmas Eve I was in Seoul. Beyond the 38th Parallel, there was a concerted push by the Chinese Reds on the Tenth Corps to do as much damage as they could on Christmas Eve, to completely demoralize our boys.

"Most of the pressure went against the 45th Division, the Oklahoma National Guard. Our troupe, including Keenan Wynn and Johnny Grant, flew from Seoul up to the closest point we could go—and it was as close as anyone would want to go!

"We did a show there, then came back and started a second one around 11 a.m. at the 1ST MASH hospital unit. While our program was going on and just before turkey dinner was to be served to 2,500 patients and GIs out front—twenty ambulances came down the road which ran parallel to our stage!

"Keenan and I were singing and dancing—but out of the corner of our eyes we could see the attendants take six or seven blanketed dead bodies out of each ambulance and place them down in rows—

"The boys who didn't quite make it to Christmas Eve . . .

"A lump came into my throat the size of an egg—I don't know how I kept on singing. And perhaps I couldn't have—if it hadn't been for those 2,500 living faces out front, looking up at me as though to say to Keenan and me, *Keep on singing. We have seen what you have seen, and our hearts are breaking, too. But keep on with the show—help us to forget for just this little while on Christmas Eve.* And Keenan and Johnny and all our troupe kept on going for two hours after that.

"Keenan told me later that all the time he was going through a hot jitterbug routine and making the boys laugh, the prayer that was going through his heart and mind was, *May God have mercy, may God have mercy. . . .*"

JOHN WAYNE didn't mind being without gifts, tree or party

■ "Does it seem strange to say that the Christmas that is most indelible in my mind is the last one, 1956, because—with others of *The Legend Of The Lost* company, I was in a land and among peoples where there is no Christmas!

"We were in Tripoli, Libya, on the north coast of Africa. Early on the morning of Christmas Eve we had boarded a chartered airplane and shortly after lunch we glided into a landing at an abandoned airstrip close by an oasis called Ghadames. We got ourselves established in tents hastily put up on the desert near the waterhole. All of us were dead tired; we hit the sack and slept until about midnight.

"As I stepped out of my tent, one of the boys said, 'It's Christmas.' I looked up at the serene sky. Here we were in the land of the Moslems, people with a religion entirely foreign to our own. The sky was black velvet canopied with a million sparkling gems and there was one bigger than all the rest. Then I realized I was looking at the Christmas star and that just over beyond the tall dunes was the land that had been traveled by the Three Wise Men who had followed that star to the birthplace of Christ on the first Christmas morning.

"I was in His country, and I was overcome with a great feeling of peace and wonderment. What was in my heart was like a prayer without words. I knew perfect contentment.

"That Christmas there was no exchange of gifts, no office party, no decorating the Christmas tree, none of the trimmings. Yet we all observed it with gratitude, reverence and simplicity."





NATALIE WOOD was taught a lesson by a tiger

■ "Many people have asked me about my much-prized collection of toy tigers—of why and how I started it. Few of my friends even know that it is symbolic, not just a childish fad—and it had its beginning on Christmas Day in Santa Monica when I was twelve years old.

"We were a happy family, my mother and father and two sisters. I was doing fairly well as a child actress, a sort of juvenile celebrity in the neighborhood, and if I wasn't exactly stuck-up, I must admit I thought pretty well of myself! I was used to receiving far more than I gave in both attention and gifts.

"This Christmas, in the midst of opening all my many pretty presents, a friend of mine named Martha, the little, fat girl from down the street, came in. She had brought me a gift. It was a toy tiger, with the cutest, silliest little face—and to say I was surprised is putting it mildly.

"I knew for sure that Martha had wanted this tiger herself. We had both seen it in a store on one of our shopping expeditions and fallen in love with it. And yet she had spent a generous portion of her Christmas money to buy it for me!

"To make matters worse, in my own self-absorption, I had no gift for Martha! I quickly ran to my bedroom and wrapped up one of the presents I had received—but it wasn't the same. It taught me a wonderful thing:

"Every year after that I bought, before anything else, a toy tiger to remind me to give always with my *heart* as well as my hand before buying a gift for anyone!"

CLARK GABLE split his bread-beans dinner with two hoboes

■ "I remember lots of Christmases spent in lots of places, but the one that stands out most vividly in my mind is Christmas of 1923. It should. Santa Claus couldn't find me *that* year.

"I was aboard a train speeding across the Rocky Mountains of the western United States, sharing a box car on a freighter headed for Oregon with two other hobo gentlemen!

"I was an ambitious kid, just out of my teens, and a small touring company I'd been working with had been stranded in Butte, Montana. We were dismissed without pay. With no money in my jeans there was nothing else to do but start moving, anywhere.

"Well, right in the middle of that *free* ride—came Christmas! I was sick at heart. Every time the train stopped at a station my be-whisk-



continued

"The Christmas I Will Never Forget" *continued*

ered traveling companions, as dirty and unshaven as I, could hear people getting off passenger trains, greeting families and friends and calling *Merry, Merry Christmas.* For us—nothing.

"Then, about dinner time, one of the men grinned sheepishly and said, 'I've been saving this'—and darned if he didn't pull out a sack containing a can of baked beans and a half loaf of bread! The other, a kid about my age, said 'And I'll share these!' And he pulled out a half pack of cigarettes.

"Boy, were those beans *good?* Were those smokes *great?* I was pretty young to be a philosopher but suddenly the thought came to me, *Why this* IS *Christmas; this is the true meaning of Christmas—sharing what you have with friend or stranger.*

"And, sharing the boxcar with two hobos, my heart sang with its own peculiar Christmas Carol."



MARIA SCHELL is going to cook roast pig

■ You'll soon be seeing this charming German girl opposite Yul Brynner in her first American picture, *The Brothers Karamazov.* During her stay in Hollywood she came to my home and I don't know when I have been more charmed than I was by this delightful girl. Among the things she told me about was Christmas in her country—and I think you will enjoy hearing about it as much as I did.



"This Christmas, I am a bride—the first Christmas that Horst (Haechler) and I have spent as married people. We are so happy that the picture will be finished in time for us to be back in Germany so we can play host to his family and mine. To show the Haechlers what a good daughter-in-law they have acquired, I'm going to cook the traditional roast pig dinner.

"In our window will shine a huge Christmas candle gaily decorated with brilliants. The shade of this window is never drawn, so that all that pass the house may share its beauty and welcome.

"And then will come the best part of all. On Christmas Eve we will join with our neighbors and friends for the lovely religious ceremony in which everyone carries a lighted candle into the darkened church. This symbolizes the coming of the Light into the world when Christ was born.

"Believe me, Miss Parsons, this will be the most gloriously wonderful Christmas of my life when I enter the church holding the candle in one hand and the hand of my husband in the other, the first Christmas we will spend together as one."

JUNE ALLYSON presented her husband with a son on Christmas Eve

■ "It isn't hard for me to tell you the most memorable Christmas of *my* life. It was 1950, when on Christmas Eve, in the maternity room of ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, Dick and I welcomed Richard Powell, Jr.—an event no woman is likely to forget, you must admit.

"What made me particularly happy is that I had so wanted the baby as a Christmas present for Dick. But my doctor had told me that there wasn't a chance that the baby would arrive until mid-January.

"Dick would laugh at me when I would say, 'I don't care what the doctor predicts, I promise you a baby by Christmas.' Once he laughed and said, 'It wouldn't surprise me. You usually get your way.' But neither of us sincerely believed the baby would arrive before the time set by the doctor.

"I could hardly believe it myself when those certain, most definite signs began to come the day before Christmas! I began to pray. *Oh, make it true—and not a false alarm. Let me hold my baby in my arms on Christmas Day, the most blessed of all Mothers' Days.*

"When I woke up, Dick was bending over my bed and he said those most joyous of all words, 'Hello, little Mother. When do you want to see your son? He's a Christmas present. It's Christmas Eve.'"

ROBERT TAYLOR learned to play Santa from his Dad

■ *"This* Christmas will be the most memorable of my life, because I am taking on the most difficult role I've ever played—Santa Claus!

"Oh, it's not that I mind the padding, the red suit and the chin whiskers. The MGM make-up boys will help me with that. But I'm going to be as nervous and self-conscious as though I were playing my first part when my two-and-a-half-year-old Terry climbs up on my knee and starts asking questions and giving me his list.

"When Ursula suggested it was high time I did my Santa stint I said, 'I'm not the type.' She brought me up sharp by saying, 'Was *your* father the type?'

"It brought back that wonderful memory when my father first played Santa Claus—and I was too young to recognize him. He was a thin man and the pillows my mother stuck in his suit kept slipping and his whiskers never stayed on straight. He had no MGM make-up men to help his disguise.

"But never as long as I live will I ever forget those first few tender years when I would get up on his knee and whisper about things I wanted for Christmas for myself and my mother and my *father!*

"Once, before I got too sleepy, I can remember the tears running down his face—for many of the things I asked for we could not afford. But never again was I to know such peace and comfort and warmth and *security* as I knew in those precious times on my Santa's knee.

"I don't want my little boy to grow up without this—even if it kills me!"





SOPHIA LOREN danced the Charleston with a Texan

■ "Christmas of 1944 in Italy will always be bright in my memory, although I was only nine years old. We were very poor and food had been scarce in our household for months. My sister Maria, my Mother and I had no prospect of any sort of a Christmas celebration.

"Suddenly a group of American GI's arrived at the door. They were loaded down with canned food, candy, presents for all—and best of everything, one of them spoke Italian. Instead of making us feel like a charity case, he said, 'We are lonesome for some family celebrating today. Will you share your Christmas with us?' Would we!

"What a wonderful time we had. No one spoke of war—we laughed and sang and stuffed ourselves.

"I remember one of the boys was from Texas. He taught me to pronounce it and laughed when I called it *Taxes*. He was a wonderful dancer, I remember, and taught us all, even my mother, to do something called the Charleston!

"Let me tell you a little secret: I have to do a Charleston in my new picture, *Houseboat,* with Cary Grant and was everybody surprised when I went into it without a single lesson! Yes, I had been taught as a child that fine Christmas years ago by an expert from Texas!"

continued



KIM NOVAK
shared her holiday with millions

■ "Christmas of 1955 is the one I shall never forget.

"It was the first Christmas I had ever had enough money to buy the presents of luxuries and necessities for my family, and the studio had given me time off to go back home to Chicago to be with my folks.

"Then I was asked to spend this wonderful family holiday I had looked forward to so keenly—with TV cameras all over the house on Ed Murrow's *Person To Person* show! My first reaction was resentment.

"I had wanted to be with my family *alone*. But I agreed to do the show. We had a seven-foot tree; my mother and father, my sister and her husband and children were there, and we opened our gifts and sang Carols—*just as though the whole world weren't looking in,* I thought selfishly.

"I say it was selfish—because I cannot begin to tell you my feeling when hundreds of letters started pouring in saying in effect: 'Kim—bless you for sharing with all of us lonely people who have no families, the wonderful cheer and glow of being with you and your family on this wonderful Christmas show!'

"The letters from these lonely people were so sweet and thoughtful and sincere, I cried over them.

"This, indeed, was my finest Christmas—the one my family and I were privileged to spend with many, many lonely strangers!"



TOMMY SANDS
desperately wanted a guitar

■ "I wouldn't be disrespectful about Christmas for anything. It's too holy and glorious a day. But, strangely enough, there's something quite amusing about the Christmas I remember best.

"I was about eleven years old and I desperately wanted a *guitar!* Up to that time I'd never actually had my heart set on any one thing—until that burning desire for a guitar. I felt I couldn't live without it.

"My parents didn't hold out much hope of my getting it because the real guitars, not toys, were very expensive. But my obsession continued. I did nothing but talk about guitars, dream guitars and then—thrill of thrills—I received a guitar that Christmas!

"Now what I mean is this: that guitar symbol has followed me right up to where I am today.

"My first big break in show business came when I was chosen to replace Elvis Presley and his guitar on the TV show, *The Singin' Idol.* My first motion picture is the result of that substitution—the starring role in a film Elvis might have had, the movie version of *The Singin' Idol,* if he and his guitar had appeared on the TV program.

"Maybe this seems just a small thing to remember about a boy's wish for Christmas, but it does seem to have had a bearing on what came after—don't you think?"

OTTO KRUGER makes sure former stars have flowers

■ Mrs. Basher, of the MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOME, told me: "Most of the stars of Hollywood never tell of the generous things they do for others. But we with the MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOME, where many former stars are sheltered and cared for, know of many unsung kindnesses.

"Christmas is never a sad time here, because there are so many fine surprises. Two years ago a small truck drove up with a large color TV set. It was from Gloria Swanson and on the card she had written, *Merry Christmas. Thought you might all enjoy seeing the Rose Bowl game New Year's Day in color.*

"And Otto Kruger—that very fine actor—sees that we are abloom with lovely flowers and plants all the year 'round. You should see the grounds at Christmas time, with red and white poinsettias and chrysanthemums and holly berries!

"But we do not really need the Christmas season here to be reminded twelve months of the year Hollywood does not forget its own."

Kim Novak
Columbia's PAL JOEY
Clark Gable
Paramount's TEACHER'S PET
UA's RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP
Debbie Reynolds
MGM's THE BOY FRIEND
U-I's TAMMMY AND THE BACHELOR
U I's FOR LOVE OR MONEY
Bing Crosby
MGM's MAN ON FIRE
Natalie Wood
Warner Bros.' NO SLEEP TILL DAWN
Warner Bros.' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR
UA's KINGS GO FORTH
John Wayne
U-I's JET PILOT
20th Century-Fox's THE TOWNSEND HARRIS STORY
Tommy Sands
20th Century-Fox's THE SINGIN' IDOL
Sophia Loren
Columbia's STELLA
UA's LEGEND OF THE LOST
Paramount's DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS
20th Century-Fox's BLOOD AND SAND
Robert Taylor
MGM's SADDLE THE WIND
MGM's PARTY GIRL
Keenan Wynn
U-I's JOE BUTTERFLY
U-I's THERE'S A TIME TO LOVE
Warner Bros.' THE DEEP SIX
MGM's DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER
Yul Brynner
MGM's THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
Maria Schell
MGM's THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
June Allyson
U-I's INTERLUDE
U-I's MY MAN GODFREY
Cary Grant
UA's THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION
20th Century-Fox's AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER
20th Century-Fox's KISS THEM FOR ME

Ask, and it shall
be given you; seek, and ye shall
find; knock, and it shall be opened
unto you.

■ In the next six pages, we meet three persons who sought—

A man destroying himself . . .

A woman in an insane asylum . . .

And a man who has examined his soul to determine how best he can serve His Master.

Montgomery Clift was alone, for too long—alone. And in his soul he must have looked long for the strength—just to live. Until one day, he found a hand that reached out and helped him.

The woman asked for salvation —salvation of her soul and her sanity, and when she found God she found peace and a new life. Her name is Frances Farmer.

And another man, yes, a *man,* not a boy—one day saw the Strength and the Power of the Lord. And since that day Elvis Presley has wondered whether or not that Power was a sign that he should serve God.

For God said *Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*



Christmas

is hope



"He looked like a wet puppy dog," she said, "so alone, so shivering..."



the Redemption of Montgomery Clift

by Parker D. Brewer

■ "This," said Marlon Brando, sitting over a mid-morning cup of coffee on *The Young Lions* set in France, "is the first time I ever saw anybody in a special effects department addressed as *honey* by an entire movie location company!"

Marlon was talking about Olga Poliakoff, the small, pretty girl, pictured on the left, working on special effects for *The Young Lions* . . .

And just a few weeks after Marlon said that, there was somebody else who was amazed—and Olga was part of that too.

The somebody else was an airline stewardess, and she was amazed at how well Monty looked, as he headed back to the States—handsome and erect, neatly-dressed, his shoes shined, his hands steady, his mind sober—cold sober. She thought back to that last trip, when he had been on his way to France. She remembered how bad he'd looked then—even worse than the other times: his face sallow and drawn, heavy rings under his eyes, nervous and unsteady and with a look on his face of the haunted, the hunted: of a man who was trying to destroy himself.

She remembered, too, the stories some of the other members of *The Young Lions* company, a little loaded on free airplane champagne by the time they were halfway over the Atlantic, told about Monty . . .

She remembered, for one, the story about how only a few nights earlier in Hollywood a bigtime producer had thrown a party, how midway through the party the producer had proudly asked everyone to step into his private projection room to see a run-through of his latest movie, how halfway through the picture Monty—who'd been pouring down the straight Scotches—suddenly began to holler and yell so much the movie had to be stopped and the producer, embarrassed, had to bid all his guests good night. (*Continued on page 73*)



"...a man who had begun to wipe love from his life with fear and drink, disappointment and distrust..."



1 CHRISTMAS, 1927
NOT INVITED TO THE PARTY



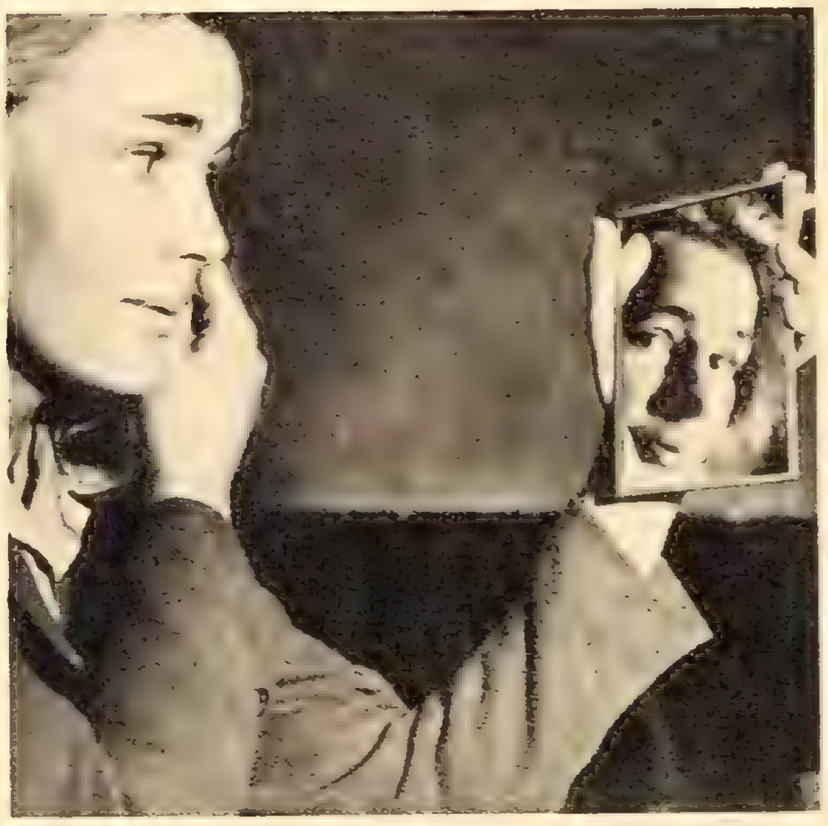
2 CHRISTMAS, 1935
FAMOUS BUT ALONE



3 CHRISTMAS, 1937
HAPPILY MARRIED



4 CHRISTMAS, 1942
DRUNK, DISORDERLY, DIVORCED



5 CHRISTMAS, 1943
IN THE INSANE ASYLUM



6 CHRISTMAS, 195
THROUGH GOD'S HELP, SALVATIO



7 CHRISTMAS, 1
A MERRY, MER CHRISTMAS

by Ed DeBlasio

the seven Christmases of Frances Farmer



■ Frances Farmer paced the floor of a small white room that Christmas morning in 1943. "It's so hot," she mumbled as she walked, "It's so hot." She walked to the door and tried the knob. But the door was locked. She turned toward the window at the other end of the room, the window made of that funny glass so that you really couldn't see outside, so that you could barely see the bars outside. "I'm hot," Frances mumbled, wiping the dampness on her palms off on the white uniform they made her wear. "I'm hot," she said, whispering. She was afraid to say it too loud, that the heat was on too high and that she was perspiring all over. She was afraid because they might come in again like they had that other time and squeeze her into a straitjacket and never let her out. As hazy as her mind was now, as confused as she was, there was one thing that Frances knew she hated more than anything—and that was the straitjacket. That was the way she had been brought here eleven months ago, wearing one of those miserable things, tight and tortuous around the whole upper part of her body. That day—that day of hell, Thursday, January 14, 1943—had started out at the studio where Frances was making a movie called *No Escape*. She'd arrived on the set drunk, for about the tenth time in a row, and when, just before they began to shoot a scene, a hairdresser had gone up to her to run a *(Continued on page 87)*

IS ELVIS QUITTING

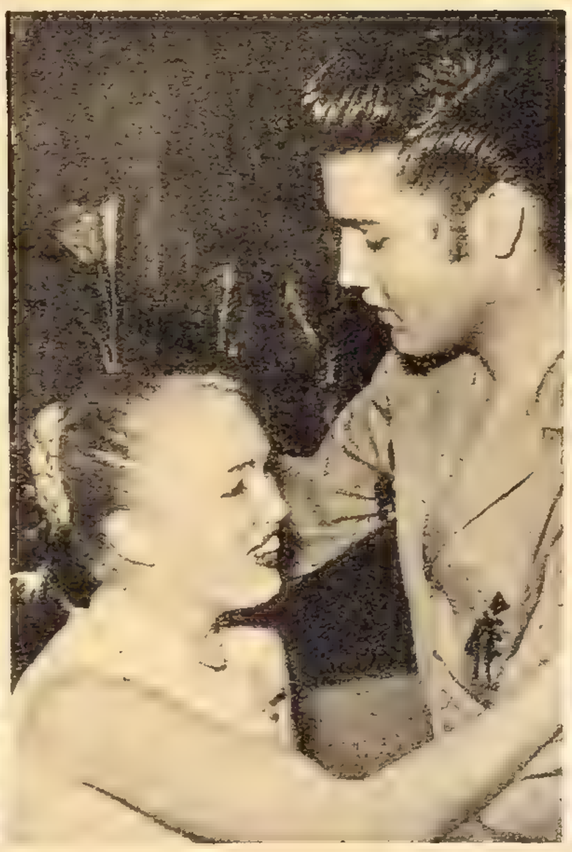
FOR GOD?

by Claire Williams

Will he give up all this... for this?



Fame



Fans



Wealth



The man of God—his minister

The ringing out of The Word of God—the Gospel Singers

Out of the depths of my soul I cry
Jesus draw nigh, Jesus draw nigh
Lord, lend an ear to my own honest plea
Jesus draw nearer to me.
Oh Lord, I want to labor
Faithful each day, let me walk in Your true way
Telling this old world what a Savior I've found
Spreading the Gospel all around.

. . . . from an old Gospel song

■ Elvis was only seven when it happened. It was back in Tupelo, Mississippi, the city where he was born. It was a bad day in the late spring, hot, oven hot, so hot you could smell the heat float up from the dry earth. Elvis was sitting with a buddy of his on the steps of the ramshackle plantation house just outside the city. His buddy's dad was a poor sharecropper *(Continued on page 70)*



Jayne Mansfield

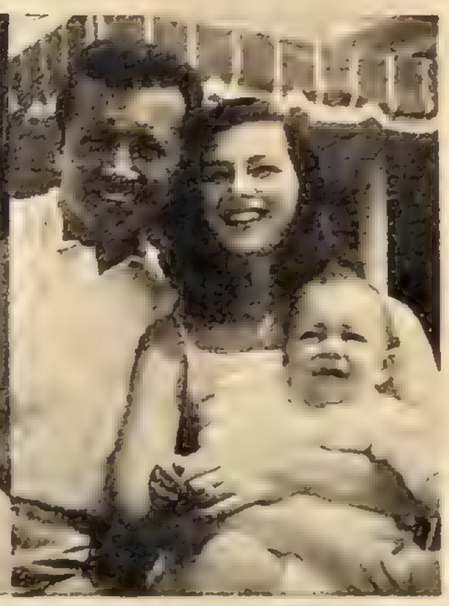
Tab Hunter



Richard Sargent



Joanne Woodward



Pier Angeli



Shirley MacLaine

Jody McCrea

a ★ I resolve to give up peanut-butter cookies
I have a terrible habit when it comes to them
I also resolve to get up earlier in the mornin
and to become less absent minded!

b ★ I am resolved to continue my campaign t
win picture roles for which I'm better suited

c ★ I am resolved to have more time with m
husband and baby in the coming year. If w
cannot be together while I am making a pic
ture, I will not make it! Our home means to
much to all of us to spend so little time in i

d ★ To write at least three letters a week t
Jennifer while I'm away from home! That
Jennifer Lea of course, my girl.

e ★ I resolve to try to like Hollywood partie
. . . when people are nice enough to invite yo
the least you can do is make up your mind t
have a good time. But when I first arrived i
Hollywood, I knew so few people that I coul
stand all evening with no one talking to m
Now that I have been here for a while, I fin
it is like anywhere else in this regard . . . ha
ing a good time is a matter of feeling *at hom*

Can you solve this PICTURE-QUIZ?

See if you can match the

New Year's resolutions

with the stars who made them.

Resolve for '58

★ To learn to cook. I disprove the belief that southern girls are great cooks—I have trouble boiling water! However, if my husband can stand it, I'm going to head straight for the pots and pans.

★ I'm the worst note writer ever. So many people do nice things for me and I take months saying thank you. I think that is really sloppy and I'm going to try to correct it.

★ I will get no new animals. I already have a menagerie: two great danes, a kitty and a dachshund—plus gold fish, and a horse.

★ I have a wonderful baby daughter who looks just like my wife. I'm resolved that now we should have a son who looks just like my wife, too!

★ To get work!

★ To go window shopping only, instead of going inside the store!

★ No more parachute jumping—no siree!

★ To try and keep my backyard and garden in better shape, so my neighbors won't hate me as they do now—I have a *black* thumb!

★ To save money.

★ To turn off TV and read more.

★ To resist any impulses I have to go to Las Vegas.

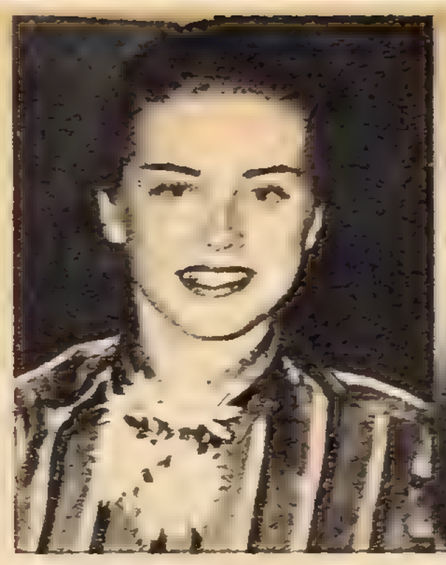
★ To keep up with my piano lessons, regardless of how little time I have.

★ To take a vacation this year.

★ To stay away from cigarillos—and I don't mean with a holder! I also swear off bullfighting—till I get another chance at it.

★ In the past year, I have been rather easy-going and recently I have tried to make myself become more aggressive and dominating. But now I want to hit a mid-way point. I resolve to master no one and be mastered by none.

★ I resolve to stop smoking. I've made this same resolution many times, but I'm still smoking. Maybe this year I'll really stop.



Dolores Hart



Tony Perkins



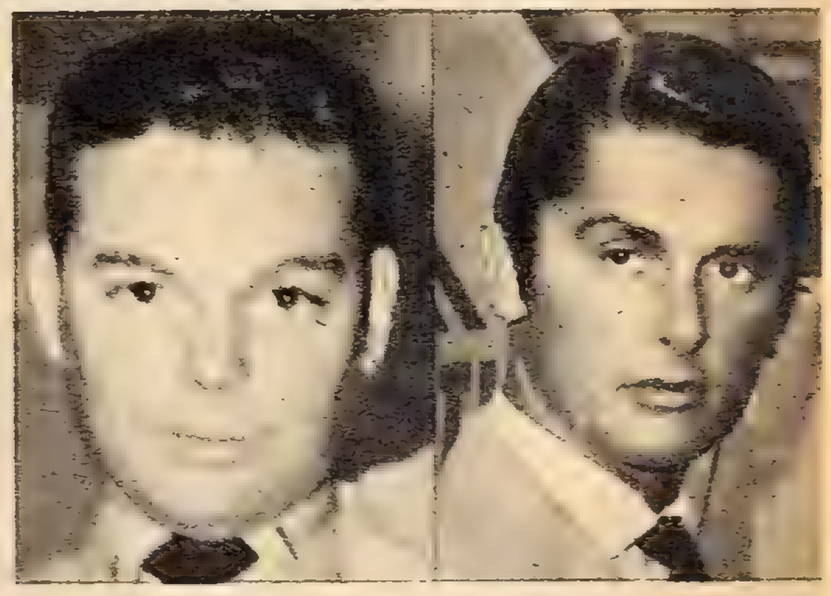
John Smith



Anne Francis



Robert Stack



Russ Tamblyn

Robert Evans

Jayne Mansfield
20th Century-Fox's Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?
Tony Perkins
Columbia's This Bitter Earth
Paramount's The Tin Star
Paramount's Desire Under The Elms
Paramount's The Matchmaker
Joanne Woodward
20th Century-Fox's No Down Payment
20th Century-Fox's Three Faces Of Eve
20th Century-Fox's The Long, Hot Summer
Shirley MacLaine
Paramount's Hot Spell
Paramount's The Matchmaker
Pier Angeli
MGM's Merry Andrew
Dolores Hart
Paramount's Wild Is The Wind
Russ Tamblyn
MGM's Don't Go Near The Water
20th Century-Fox's Peyton Place
Anne Francis
MGM's The Hired Gun
MGM's Don't Go Near The Water
Robert Evans
U-I's Man Of A Thousand Faces
20th Century-Fox's The Sun Also Rises
John Smith
Republic's The Crooked Circle
Robert Stack
U-I's Pylon
20th Century-Fox's Our Love
Jody McCrea
Warner Bros.' Lafayette Escadrille
UA's Gunsight Ridge
Tab Hunter
Warner Bros.' Lafayette Escadrille
Warner Bros.' Damn Yankees

Here are the answers. Don't peep until you've finished the quiz.

a Dolores Hart
b Tab Hunter
c Pier Angeli
d Jody McCrea
e Joanne Woodward
f Shirley MacLaine
g Jayne Mansfield
h Robert Stack
i John Smith
j Richard Sargent
k Tony Perkins
l Robert Evans
m Russ Tamblyn
n Anne Francis

do as the stars do and shop early for... Christmas Gifts



For Christmas giving Robert Evans chooses mink—bless him, costume jewelry, little fur collars to dress up sweaters and suits, Rolfs handbag, Samsonite luggage, gloves, hosiery, and mumbo jumbo boxes of perfume and matching cosmetic goodies. Bob wraps all his gifts himself. Be sure and see Bob in *The Sun Also Rises,* a Darryl Zanuck production in CinemaScope released by 20th.

Terry Moore gets a head start on her gifts, too. And, she also wraps and ties early! Terry chooses chic, practical gifts as well as glamorous ones. She holds a pair of Rain Dears—perfect protection for pretty shoes against rain or snow. Beside her is the very new Servicemaster Magic Carpet Brush for Mom's Christmas stocking. Among her other practical gifts are a pair of Huskies suede-like boots with a pile lining. Marian Ross designed Terry's dress for Junior First. Be sure and see Terry in 20th's *Peyton Place.*



All Photos • Roger Prigent



Dean Martin swings along playing Santa loaded with Christmas packages—all tied up with Bur-Mil ribbons and self-making bows. The handsome Samsonite train case, Ultralite Medallion, is a very special gift for the "Mrs." See Dean in 20th's *The Young Lions*. Men love to go Christmas shopping if they know what to buy. So be sure and turn in your Christmas list to Santa early. With new, easy Bur-Mil bows men have fun doing their own packages. Just cut the ribbon, pull the strings, and presto! Anyone can make a bow!



"I'll take them both, the stole and the girl, they are just beautiful," says Bob as he shops in one of New York's popular fur salons for Christmas gifts. The white fox stole he can have. But not the girl, she is already a "Mrs." and known to many of you as top New York model Ginny Gaylor. The rage in Hollywood, New York and Paris is to dress up your costumes with little furs—hats, muffs, collars and boleros. This white fox stole is made of the tails and a buy for $32.50 (Inc. Tax) at Harold J. Rubin Salon, New York.

Continued on page

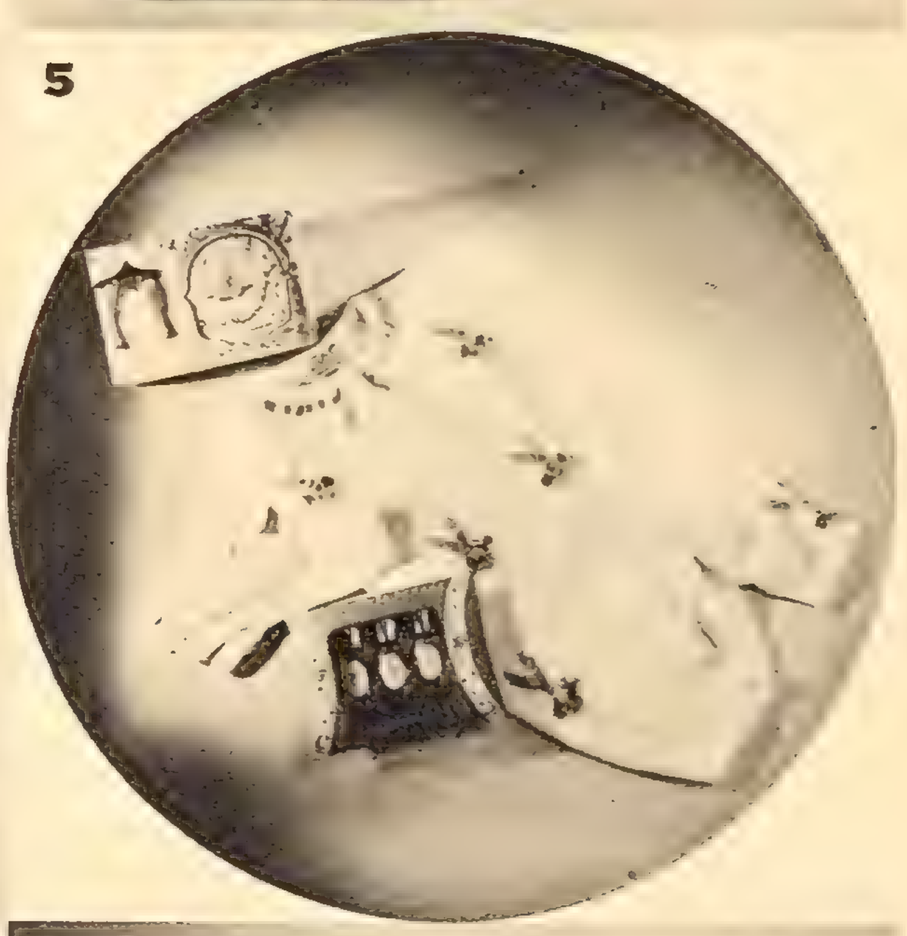
Star's Selections















1. Kings Men Thistle and Plaid cologne and After Shave lotion. For the family, a silver tablecloth woven with Lurex for gala dinners. **2.** Sportsman hanging shower soap; U.S. Rubber golf balls packaged in a novel plastic ice tray to make perfect replica ice balls. On the model, Canterbury sweater of Tycora yarn; Richelieu pearl and crystal choker. **3.** Seven Winds fragrance bath set; on top in single bath powder; left, in purse set with Seven Winds perfume, Show-Case lipstick and new Cloudsilk compressed powder compact. All by DuBarry. **4.** Three Silent Messengers gift set including Tweed, Shanghai and Miracle cologne; Adams Rib fragrance in cologne and perfume purser. Both by Lentheric. **5.** Houbigant's fragrance galerie of Eau de Toilette including Flatterie, Chantilly, Quelques Fleurs. Decorated Select 100% Dupont Orlon sweater, cozy mittens of Tycora yarn; gift set of April Showers dusting powder and cologne by Cheramy. **6.** Potent fragrance, Voltage, in a handsome bath set; left, Voltage perfume Pom-Pom gift package; top, French Lilac bath set. All by Dorothy Gray. **7.** Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs bath set gift package of Refreshance and hand lotion. Pixie flower-trimmed scuffs of soft leather with quilted cotton lining. By Huskies. **8.** Gay gift package of Primitif Sophisti-Cat by Max Factor; stunning jeweled Launderleather gloves by Lamm

All Photos • Roger Prigent

to give and to own







Sur-Mil Cameo dress sheer stockings; Nite-Aires maribou scuffs; Capri antique jewelry set with emeralds and sapphires. **9.** A Revlon manicure set for beautiful nails—the set includes nail enamel, basecoat, cuticle remover, velvety remover, cuticle scissor, nail file, tweezer, pusher, cuticle stick, emery boards. The lipstick—Revlon's famous Futurama. Capri's modernistic black and gold bracelet. **10.** Rain Dears—plastic boots, fully molded with proven safe longwearing tread. **11.** Coty's new gush set of the famous fragrance Emeraude. Foreground, Coty "24" lipstick in Paris Original case. **12.** Fabulous Evening in Paris gift set that includes perfume, perfume purser, perfume compact, Eau de Toilette, cologne and face powder. On top, Evening in Paris perfume in a Christmas tree package. Both by Bourjois. Hosiery—Beautiful Bryans of Enka nylon; golden mules by Queen Bee; Richelieu pearls. **13.** Roman Holiday perfume purser; in the package, a Roman Holiday set of dusting powder and cologne. Both by Bourjois. Multi-color paisley embossed leather handbag by Murray Kruger. **14.** Hermitique by Houbigant, a metered atomizer completely sealed from the air to measure out your perfume perfectly and, carefully; Kleinert's Rosebud Frou-Frou boudoir cap to hide curls and pins; Duchess pearls; satin evening bag with a jeweled clasp, Murray Kruger.

daddy, what's it like to die?

(Continued from page 44) *inside Red was frightened that night, more frightened than he'd ever been. It was that look that had done it.*

Red had become resigned to the fact that Richard was probably going to die. There was no use kidding himself about that. A couple of dozen of the world's finest doctors couldn't all be wrong there.

But the pain, the thought of Richard gradually beginning to feel his body go heavy, and then heavier and then heavier until finally he could do nothing but lie in a bed and cry and wonder what was wrong, why he hurt all over, why he didn't feel like eating anymore, why he couldn't get up and go to school anymore and play anymore—this Red couldn't resign himself to.

And so that night he realized that no matter what he did, he wasn't going to be able to fall asleep. And at about two o'clock he got out of bed and put on a robe and went downstairs and walked out onto the big side terrace of his big hilltop house and sat on the big white wicker chair he had once called his wishing chair.

Red's golden angel

About a year earlier a writer-pal of Red's had found him sitting there in the early morning hours and had asked him what he was doing. Red explained that he was just sitting, looking at the sprawling town of Beverly Hills way down below and beyond at the figure of a golden angel on top of the Mormon temple. He liked that angel, he told his pal, it was a friend . . . a friend for his soul, a friend he could call on, if he ever needed a friend real *bad. . . .*

And now, tonight, oh how he needed such a friend!

And Red sat there on his wishing chair looking out at his angel, and found that he didn't know quite what to ask for, quite what to say.

I wish. . . . *The words formed on his lips.* Please, I wish. . . . *He closed his eyes.* I wish. . . . *He shook his head. He breathed a deep breath. He kept his eyes closed for a long time. And when he opened them again, Richard, his boy, was standing in front of him.*

What, *he asked the boy softly,* what in the world was he doing up at that hour?

Richard reached down and picked up his tiny gray poodle. Neither of them could sleep that night, *Richard said in that high little voice of his*—neither he nor Paganini. *And the little pup gave a short yip of agreement.*

Red felt his fists clenching. He saw Richard's face at dinner again, the look of pain. He managed a smile. Feeling okay? *he asked*—haven't got a tummy ache or anything?

Richard shook his head. He was feeling fine, *he said.* And so was Paganini. But they had a problem, *he said,* a real serious problem which they'd spent half the night trying to figure out.

Red moved over in the big wicker chair and made room for the boy and the pooch to sit beside him. And now, old fellow—*Red asked, making his voice deep and funny, the make-believe voice Richard liked best of all*—what was the nature of this problem?

Well, *Richard said,* it had to do with Santa Claus and Christmas. Even though the big holiday was far away, *he started to say. . . .*

Red took his son's hand in his. Christmas, *he said,* Christmas was something he, too, had been thinking about for a long time now. *Almost since that day . . . he was about to say. But he didn't.* Christmas, *he said again, smiling.* Don't worry about Christmas, *he said. He squeezed Richard's hand and said* he didn't have any problem at all, that he—Pop—had already written that letter up to the North Pole and that he'd seen to it, by phone and telegram and by all kinds of special delivery letters, that this Christmas would be a swell Christmas for a certain little boy named Richard Skelton.

Richard's Christmas problem

Richard had a hard time stopping his dad from talking. But when he finally did, he told Red he had it all wrong. The problem, *he said,* wasn't what HE was going to get for Christmas. It was what HE was going to get for the OTHERS. You see, *he said,* he'd saved fifty cents a week for almost six months now and the money was really starting to pile up and he'd overheard a couple of kids next door talking about Christmas only that afternoon and he'd realized that he'd better get busy thinking about the holiday and what he should get for the people on his list. *He paused long enough to ask his dad* did he think it was maybe a little too early to start thinking about Christmas.

Red said no, it wasn't too early.

Then, *Richard asked,* would he help?

Yes, *Red said,* he would help.

Well, *Richard said,* first of all. . . . *He reached over to where Paganini sat on his lap and covered the pooch's ears with his hands.* Well, *he whispered,* first of all, there had to be a present for Paganini.

Red nodded.

What did his dad think of these ideas he'd thought up, *Richard wanted to know.*

And as Richard went down the list of ideas, Red only half-listened and found himself looking down at the tired little dog sitting unquestioningly on his son's lap. And he thought of the day early in January, only eight months before, when he'd bought the dog for his son. . . .

Richard had been sick for a couple of weeks. He'd had a cold, one of those lingering colds that seem to get worse all the time instead of better. It was a bad winter in California and Red thought that maybe a quick trip to Hawaii might help his son. One night he told Georgia to pack. The next day they were flying out to the islands. They were in Hawaii about a week when they realized that Richard's cold wasn't going away. Then, one night, the boy complained about a sore inside his nose. It hurt, *he said,* it hurt bad. *Red and Georgia didn't know what to think of this, but they told Richard* don't worry, it must be a plain old cold sore, that he'd probably been blowing his nose a little too hard. *The next day, the sore began to bother the boy even more and the coughing and sneezing continued even worse and Red and Georgia decided to come back to California and take their young son to a specialist. Red was back at work a few days later, rehearsing for a television show, when he got a call from the specialist.*

Blood tests for a cold?

He would like, *the specialist said,* to have Red bring the boy to the hospital the following day for some special tests. Special tests, *Red asked, laughing a little*—for a good old American cold? *The doctor didn't laugh back.* Yes, *he said,* they would like to test the boy's blood.

Sure, *Red said,* sure he would bring the boy over.

And then he'd hung up and gone back to work. Every once in a while, while he was working, he felt a cold chill rush through his body. With the chill rushed

A SACRED PILGRIMAGE

■ In the Shrine of Guadalupe, hundreds of humble Mexicans were praying for an eight-year-old boy they called *Ricardito.*

They didn't really know him; in fact, they had never even seen him. All they *did* know was that Ricardito was desperately ill.

Leukemia!

Medical science had given up all hope. Nothing could be done. Yet many Mexicans felt that a higher Power could achieve a miracle and spare his life. That higher Power, they believed, was the Virgin of Guadalupe.

The Virgin, say Mexicans, understands the suffering of children: she too was a Mother and had a Son. And like the boy who was dying now, her own Son, Jesus, died young.

Since 1593, when it is said the Virgin made her blessed appearance to a simple peasant, one Juan Diego, Mexicans have venerated the Mother of God. She is the patron saint of their country; her miracles are legion; all Mexico felt that perhaps she again could save a dying child.

These people, as poor and humble as Juan Diego, walked miles to reach the shrine. Many went barefoot. All had put together a few *centavos* to buy flowers to place in front of the Virgin.

As is the custom in Mexico, the worshipers also carried banners and streamers. Some identified workers' groups; some, religious organizations; mostly, however, they were individual offerings. All were to be laid at the feet of the Virgin.

MODERN SCREEN's Mexican correspondent joined the pilgrimage. Together with these devout Christians, he too was going to place flowers and streamers at the shrine. He too was going to add his prayers for the life of little Ricardito.

But as he walked toward the Church, a young Indian girl approached him. "Señor," she whispered, "I am too poor to offer anything to the Virgin. I have no flowers and I have no banners. But Ricardito must live!" Then, almost in tears, she said, "Would you share your flowers with me? I will pray with all my heart that the little boy won't die."

Of course, the correspondent agreed.

In the shrine, there was a solemn Mass. As the priest implored the Virgin to save the life of the child, everyone knelt. And everyone prayed.

But perhaps no one prayed more fervently than that simple Indian girl. She may not have known Ricardito, but her love for him was such, he could have been her own child.

The child? Richard Skelton, Jr.—Red's beloved son.



it sure is an easy life . . .

■ So you'd like to be in movies? Because it's such a nice, easy, glamorous life?

Here's one day in the nice, easy, glamorous life of Kim Novak, when she was shooting *Jeanne Eagels*—

For a series of carnival scenes, she was—

1. The live target for a knife thrower.
2. The shill for a flame eater.
3. Thrown out of a ferris wheel.
4. Roughed around by police.
5. Sent sprawling face first into a sea of mud during a thunderstorm.
6. Had her clothes ripped off in a *Hey, Rube!* riot.
7. Slapped by Jeff Chandler.
8. Hurled into a tank of icy water wearing only a flimsy negligée!

And this last shot had to be repeated four times. Before it was over Kim was blue from the cold. Oh, yes—the shots were made *outside* at *night* in *mid-winter*. Kim caught virus flu, kept right on working.

The next day, she ran gaily into the surf —and got knocked down and out by a giant wave. She was saved from drowning by a lifeguard who was just one of the spectators . . . Yes, it sure is an easy life—being a movie star . . .

Kim's currently in Columbia's PAL JOEY. *Watch for her soon in Paramount's* FROM AMONGST THE DEAD.

the words BLOOD *and* TEST *and the way the doctor had said them. On his way home that night he thought of Richard at the moment, playing around the house, waiting for his Daddy to come home, waiting to run up to him and throw his arms around his legs like he did all the time and drag him to that chair near the window and wait to hear the funny new joke his Daddy made up for him that day and that he would tell him now and that would make him laugh so much. Somehow—Red didn't know quite why—but somehow he didn't want to tell Richard any new joke that night. So on the way home he stopped at a small pet shop and asked the lady* could he see the smallest cutest dog she had? *The lady showed him a gray poodle,* a dog she had always called Paganini, *she said. Red bought the dog and took it home. And sure enough, when Red walked in the door, Richard came rushing up to him. But instead of throwing his arms around his Daddy's*



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legs and dragging him to this chair, he took just one look at the dog and began to shout excitedly. And a minute later he was in another room, playing with his new pet. And Red didn't have to tell any jokes that night. And he had time to tell Georgia, to tell her as gently as possible, about the fact that he'd called off his rehearsal the next day, that he had to take Richard to the hospital for some tests. . . .

Paganini would be pleased

Richard took his hands away from Paganini's ears now. Did Dad think the pooch would like one of those Christmas presents he'd just mentioned, *he asked.*

Red said yes, he was sure Paganini would.

Good, *Richard said.* Now, *he went on,* the next people on his Christmas list were Mommy and Valentina.

Very important, *Red said, making that funny make-believe voice again.*

Well, *Richard said,* these were the things he thought about maybe getting them with part of the money he had saved.

Again he went down a long list of items he'd thought of getting for his mother and sister. And again Red found himself only half-listening and thinking back to a night, another night in January, a night about a week after Richard had been placed in the hospital for a while. . . .

They'd learned that afternoon that it was leukemia. The doctor had come to the house to tell Red and Georgia. And that night, after dinner, they'd told Valentina. They sat around for a few hours after that. None of them said anything. But they sat together in the same room, just the three of them. And Red realized, almost for the first time in his life, what it was like to sit alone and to be with the people you loved. Before that, for years, it had always been crowds. Red was a comedian, an entertainer, a show business personality, and personalities like his didn't often sit alone in a living room with their families. It was a case of go-go-go and yak-yak-yak and have-another-drink and where-you-goin'-so-soon? It was, in a way, a wacky kind of living. But it was a necessary kind of living for people like Red, or so you couldn't help thinking. It had killed Red's first marriage. He'd been married, many years ago, to a nice young girl named Edna. They'd been very happy at first. But, after a while, Edna had begun to grow tired of all the off-stage laughs she had to put up with, of all the crazy shenanigans she saw would never end, of the prospect of having to spend the rest of her life living with a comic instead of a husband. After a few years, Edna got a divorce. And then Red had married Georgia. This marriage, too, had been happy at first. Red had just become a tremendous success in the business and within a couple of years they had two fine children and everything looked as if it was going to be okay. But it became no secret in Hollywood just a few years back that Georgia and Red were beginning to have a hard time of it, that Georgia—like Edna before her—was beginning to get fed up with all the off-stage laughs and the shenanigans and the go-go and yak-yak and all the rest of the emotional pratfalls a great comic seems to torture himself with.

In need of comfort

But now, this night, Richard was in the hospital and the doctor had said that day that his disease was usually a fatal disease and Red sat quietly in his living room, for the first time in a long time—just him and Georgia and Valentina. And while everything around them was so bad and black and hopeless, it felt good to Red to be sitting there with these people he loved, these two people to whom he must give comfort, these only two people in the world who could give him any comfort in the long months ahead. At one point, he looked across the room where Georgia sat. Georgia looked at him for a while—as if, while thinking about her son, she was remembering many things about her life with her husband sitting across the room now, the good things and the bad—and then she smiled. It was the first time she'd smiled at Red, really smiled, in a long time. It made Red feel good and grateful and very much in love with somebody he'd always really loved. . . .

And then, *Richard said now, continuing down his Christmas list.*

Red interrupted him. Richard, *he said,* didn't he think it was time for him and Paganini to get to bed? After all. . . .

Richard opened his eyes wide. He wasn't tired, *he said. He gave the pooch a gentle poke.* And neither was Paganini, *he said.*

It was beginning to get a little chilly there on the terrace and Red didn't want his son catching any colds. Just a few more minutes, *Red said.* All right?

All right, *Richard promised.*

Then he continued down his list. From the trip to Europe they'd just taken, *he said,* he'd like to send something to his Holiness, the Pope, who'd been so nice to him that hour they'd spent together in the Vatican. And to Juano, the poor little Spanish boy they'd met outside the hotel in Madrid one afternoon and who'd come up to them and asked if he could come along with them for a ride in their big car and who'd turned out to be one of Richard's best friends, even though they really only knew each other for a few hours and couldn't even speak the same language. And, *Richard said, remembering,* he would like to send something to the pretty circus horseback rider in Copenhagen, Denmark, who'd let him ride her horse. And to the funny little midget clown who'd hopped on the horse with him midway during his ride and who'd done all those wonderful tricks for him. And, too, *he said,* if they could remember her name, he would like to send something to the young nun at Lourdes in France, the nun who'd worn the long black dress and the hat with wings like a starched white angel and who'd showed them the shrine where all the miracles had taken place and where they'd prayed for more miracles for the sick people of the world.

So many on the list

Then there were some California people he wanted to get presents for, too, *Richard said*—like his teacher, and a couple of the nurses at the hospital, and five or six of his best pals, and the doctor, and some of the people Red worked with all the time and. . . .

Richard stopped.

And?—*Red asked. He'd started counting on his fingers, but he'd run out of fingers by this time so he'd kicked off a slipper he was wearing and, to make Richard laugh, he'd begun to count on his toes.*

But Richard hadn't begun to laugh. He was looking straight ahead now, out into the night, looking nowhere and at the same time looking, very hard it seemed, for something.

Red took his hand again. He had never seen the boy look this way before. He knew that something was wrong. He squeezed the hand. Richard?—*he asked.*

Richard looked up into Red's eyes. Daddy, *he wanted to know, very suddenly, very simply*—Daddy, what's it like to die?

Red couldn't say anything for a minute.

Daddy?—*the little boy asked. And then again he asked his question.* What's it like to die?

Red smiled. Well, *he said. . . .* Well, Richard, *he said,* it was something like cowboys on television. *Slowly, he searched for the right words—for* just *the right words.* That is, *he said,* it was like how you see a cowboy on television get shot sometimes by a bad man and fall off his horse and lie there on the ground, still, not moving. And then how, the next week, you turn on your TV and there's the same cowboy again, riding his horse, laughing and singing, getting ready to go out and see what's up with the bad guy again.

THE MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD RAY MILLAND



■ It was in a Portuguese nightclub. Ray Milland had just finished making *Lisbon* with Maureen O'Hara and Claude Rains, and the whole cast was celebrating over some wine. The whole cast, that is, except Ray. He was enjoying his favorite drink—a tall tomato juice—when he realized that several customers were staring at him. He heard one person murmur. "Eleven o'clock and he's drinking a Bloody Mary for his hangover! Well, what can you expect? He's on another 'lost weekend!'"

"I've had similar experiences all over the world," groans Ray. "In a restaurant in Greece, I ordered a glass of water with my dinner; at the next table, someone commented, 'Good Lord, how can he knock off all that gin at one slug!'" Then there was the time Ray saw that a British columnist had reported that he drank Scotch out of tea-cups. "Of course, it was useless to explain that I drank out of a tea-cup for the simple reason—I was drinking tea!

"As a matter of fact," says Ray, "I'd never touched a drink before filming *Lost Weekend.* And I never have since. I just don't like the stuff. While I was making the movie I did have a few, but to understand the character I was portraying. But it never became a race to get the picture finished before I'd start hitting the bottle!"

Ray is currently playing in Columbia's HIGH FLIGHT.

Richard looked a little confused. He understood, *he said,* but not exactly.

Well, *Red said, still trying hard to smile,* there was really no such thing as dying. A person lives, *he said,* whether you see him every day or whether you don't. A person comes back, in a way, *Red said.* Like little Juano in Spain. Now, even though Richard only saw Juano that one day, *Red asked,* wasn't he remembered as if he were around all the time? And wasn't it the same with the Pope?

In other words, *Richard asked,* people would remember HIM?

Red put his hand on his son's head again. They sure would, *he said.*

A beautiful answer

Richard nodded. Did Daddy know, *he asked Red softly, as if he were telling a deep dark secret for the very first time*—did Daddy know that he, Richard, knew he might die?

Red said no, he didn't know.

Well, he did, *Richard said.* He knew it first a long time ago, *he said,* when he was in the hospital. He and a few other kids were watching a news man on television one night, a Sunday night, he remembered, a little before Ed Sullivan, when all of a sudden the news man said he had just heard something terrible about Richard Skelton, Red Skelton's son: that Richard Skelton had a terrible disease. One of the kids in the hospital, *Richard said,* turned to him and said gee, that was too bad, that that was a disease lots of people died from.

He cried a little when he heard that, *Richard told his Dad now.* But ever since then, *he said,* he'd tried not to think about it and he hadn't cried anymore and, besides, what his Dad had told him tonight had made him feel a lot better and not afraid anymore—not afraid of anything.

He thought over what he'd just said and nodded—as if to say yes, he really felt a lot better.

Then, before picking up Paganini who was fast asleep by this time, and going back to bed, he told Red, don't worry about HIS name not being mentioned on that Christmas list. He didn't want to give any more secrets away, *he said,* but he hinted strongly that maybe he'd already bought something for his Dad while they were in Europe a few weeks earlier.

When Richard was gone, Red sat alone again. He brought up his hand and touched the place on his cheek where his son had just kissed him goodnight. That kid *he thought,* that kid is too good and strong inside to die . . . he won't die, he won't die! *Then he looked out again at the sprawling town of Beverly Hills way down below and beyond at the figure of the golden angel atop the Mormon temple.* I wish . . . *he said, finally able to make a wish,* I wish when and if the time comes, you will give me the courage of my son.

END

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is elvis quitting for God?

(*Continued from page 59*) and, like the other sharecroppers who worked the plantation, they were standing around now listening to the old plantation owner yell at them.

"You're all pickin' rotten," the old man said, his voice as gruff and mean as his heart, "all you no good vagrants. I send your stuff to market and they tell me it's no good. You're pickin' rotten."

"Stuff we're pickin's rotten, boss," one of the men spoke up. It was Elvis' buddy's dad. "All over the state it's like this. Ain't had no rain for long now and it's the crops that's at fault, not us."

"That's right," another voice spoke up.

"That's right," all the men cried out.

"You're all pickin' rotten," the old man screamed again, the blood rushing up to his perspiring face. He hobbled down the stairs and over to Elvis' buddy's dad. "And you, you vagrant scum," he growled, "I don't take no back talk like that from nobody, you understand?" He pointed to the spot where Elvis and the other boy sat. "Go on," he said, "take your kid and his pipsqueak friend and go back to your shack and tell your wife to start packin', 'cause you're leavin' this plantation, suh, you hear? You're leavin' as of right now."

"You can't fight God and His workin's," the boy's dad said softly, pointing up to the sky and then walking over to the steps to pick up his son and Elvis and start back to the shack.

"I can fight whoever I goddam please," they heard the old man shout as they began to walk away. "Goddam weather ruinin' my crops," they heard him holler, as suddenly he began running across the field next to the big house, shaking his fist up at Heaven, ". . . goddam old man up there in his big goddam throne, drivin' me to ruin, not givin' me any rain and drivin' me to ruin!"

It all happened so fast and mysterious after that, Elvis thought for a few minutes it was a dream.

It seemed to come from the north, that big black blanket of a cloud. It came low and suddenly and so quickly did it spread itself out above the plantation you would have thought it was being pulled by a thousand invisible horses whose snorting made a big warm wind and whose hooves, slamming hard against the ground, made an awful and steady and ever-loud rumble. Its core and blackest spot followed the old plantation owner as if it had an eye, always directly above him as he continued running across the field, shouting his blasphemies at God, shaking his fist in anger and hate.

And then, from the cloud's eye it seemed, the stroke of lightning came tumbling to the earth in one fast flash. And when it was gone and the cloud above began to lighten, the old plantation owner was dead.

It was raining, a soft quiet drizzle, when Elvis and the others got to the spot where the old man's body lay. Stunned and shaking a little, Elvis looked around, first down at the wet contorted body, then up at his buddy's dad. The sharecropper looked very solemn as he took off his hat and said a little prayer for the dead man, for his soul.

Then, putting his hat back on again, he looked down at Elvis and his son. "There are things in this world you just don't question," he said. "Love God. Fear God. And—you'll see—everything in this here life will be all right." . . .

All shook up in a new life

Elvis has never forgotten that day. He became a deeply religious boy then and there. And up until only a few years ago his main ambition in life was to become a Gospel singer. The South is full of quartettes who specialize in old-time religious songs—spirituals, Gospel numbers, hymns—and young Elvis would wait all week long for the night his Mom and Dad would take him down to the local church or auditorium to sit for three, four and sometimes five hours, listening to the music, clapping their hands, tapping their feet and, once in a while, feeling the happy spirit to join in the music and with the happy thought that someday Elvis would be up there, too, singing away for God.

And then, suddenly, Elvis—the poor boy from Tupelo, Mississippi, and then Memphis, Tennessee—became the Elvis Presley we know today; the millionaire rock-and-roller; the boy with everything—with mansion and swimming pool, and more spending money in his pocket at one time than most men earn in a month, and crowds screaming for his autograph, and women weeping to touch him. With tens of millions of people buying his records and going to see his movies and connecting his name with all that is wild, shook up, frantic, hopping in the world today.

Elvis can't sing

I first heard the story about the old plantation owner from Elvis himself a couple of years ago, when he was just beginning to climb to the top. I wondered recently how the climb had affected the strong religious feeling he'd gotten at the time, how it had affected his early ambitions to travel around the Southland singing songs of Jesus and Heaven and The Good Life in the Hereafter.

I decided to ask. Elvis was in Memphis, vacationing with his folks at the time, and I went down to talk to him and to some of the other people in town who knew him.

When I returned to New York, it was with some astounding news. Not only was Elvis still deeply religious, but there seemed to be a strong possibility that he might quit show business and the big money someday soon and devote the rest

Walter Pidgeon is rehearsing again in *The Happiest Millionaire* for the road tour which opens in Washington. The show opened there before coming to Broadway, and a du Pont lady told Pidgeon, "There is a show business legend that if you get one laugh in Wilmington, you're a hit in New York. I guarantee to come tonight and give you the laugh" . . . There was some criticism because Pidgeon, who plays Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, has a heavy mane of hair, and Biddle was bald.

"So what?" Pidgeon shrugged. "Angy Duke, who is portrayed in the play, had only one arm. Should the producers have cast the role only from among those young actors who say they'd give their good right arm for a good part—and who, in this case, would have to mean it?"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

GOD moves in mysterious ways



■ Perhaps more than any other words, the words *God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform*—have a deep meaning for Jane Wyman.

Because, as far as Jane is concerned, she saw one of His wonders. And He sent a flock of sparrows to perform it. . . .

It was a lovely warm day, and Jane's daughter Maureen was just a couple of months old then.

As usual, Jane had taken the baby out to lie in the sun. Then she relaxed in a garden chair and drifted off to sleep.

"Suddenly," she remembers, "I was awakened by a terrific chirping and flapping of little wings. I opened my eyes and there were sparrows all around me. They'd swoop down at me, fly over to Maureen's crib, then come back at me.

"At first I thought they were trying to peck at me for more crumbs—I used to sprinkle the lawn with crumbs from our breakfast table. I love having birds in our garden.

"And I must admit I was sleepy enough to just keep trying to shoo them away. But they only screeched louder and flapped their wings at me all the more."

Then, suddenly, Jane felt a wave of fright. And she knew that the sparrows were trying to tell her something.

And again the flock swooped as one over to Maureen's crib.

Jane panicked. *Something is wrong with Maureen,* she thought.

Quickly Jane ran to the crib. Instead of a laughing, gurgling baby kicking her little feet in the air, there was only a mound of blanket. The baby had twisted it around her head, and was lying smothered in it, her face buried deep in the folds of blanket and pillow.

"She was limp, and there was an unnatural blueness in her white skin. I was terrified, paralyzed with fright, for those few seconds until Maureen took a big gasping breath, as if she were sobbing.

"Afterwards," Jane says, "I looked around for those wonderful sparrows. There wasn't one in sight. I waited and waited for them, but I never saw them. They never came back again. . . ."



SEARCH THE WORLD OVER

■ She was very young—and she was Jewish. She was living in Holland when the Nazis invaded. She was sheltered, fed and protected from persecution by a Christian family. It was to this Christian family that she, a Jew, owed her deep faith in the goodness of people.

Her name? Anne Frank.

George Stevens is now making a movie of Anne's *Diary* for 20th Century-Fox because he believes that people everywhere should share Anne's experiences—and the faith that sustained her. He is searching the world over for an unknown girl to play Anne, a girl who would be the "living counterpart" of the Anne Frank who, amid the destruction of World War II. found love and refuge with a Christian family.

of his life to Gospel singing and to the service of God!

The idea was first hinted at by the Reverend James E. Hamill, pastor of the church Elvis frequently attends, the First Assembly of God. Reverend Hamill—a powerfully-built, soft-spoken, extremely popular man, just recently returned from three months in Europe where he headed a Gospel team for three months—began by telling about Elvis when he first knew him.

"He must have been about thirteen years old at the time," the Reverend said. "He'd just moved to Memphis with his family from Mississippi—where I was born, too, by the way—and the family lived not far from our house. Elvis, being about the same age as my son Jim, became friendly with our boy and was with him quite a bit of the time. I remember him as quiet, so quiet that sometimes you didn't even know he was around. And I remember that he always needed a haircut and that he was a good, courteous boy who joined our Sunday School from the beginning, attended regularly and acquitted himself well.

"He had a great interest in Gospel singing, I remember too, and it must have been only a couple of years after he got here that he tried out for the quartette my son had been singing in. It was a good quartette, so good that they had a spot on one of our radio stations every day. Well, one day one of the boys had to drop out. When Elvis heard about this he came running over to my Jim and asked him if he could join. He'd been practicing a lot and he didn't think he had too bad a voice, he said, and he'd do anything to be able to sing with the others. Jim told him *all right, he could try out—but he'd have to pass an audition first.* The audition, I remember, was held right here at the church. It was all very carefully done, as if it were a try-out for the National Broadcasting Company or some such organization. When it was all over, my Jim and the other two boys shook their head and told Elvis they were sorry, but they didn't think he was quite good enough for their quartette. 'Elvis, you can't sing,' they told him, 'you'd better give it up altogether.' Of course, after what has happened to Elvis, all you have to do to send my Jim into conniptions is to say to him 'Elvis, you can't sing!'

The casual Elvis

"Anyway, Elvis *has* become very popular. And I like the fact that he is still the courteous boy he always was and that, when he comes back to Memphis, he always drops by to pay me a visit and talk things out. I'd like to say right here and now that I do not endorse nor subscribe to rock-and-roll. To me it's a throwback on paganism. And also it is very dull as music. And, while I realize it isn't for me to judge people's tastes, I do not like it, nor do I think it is particularly upbuilding to the morals of our youth. And I would like to state emphatically, contrary to some things I've seen in print, that Elvis did *not* learn what is described as *the beat* of this type of music by singing in this church.

"But enough of that for now . . . What I think is important is that Elvis is a religious boy and that he does come here, right to this room, right to that chair you're sitting on now, to talk things over with me. And so casual. Elvis is—it's a pleasure to talk to him. I'm a rather tense person myself, so I enjoy it doubly to see his *what's the hurry* attitude as he sits there, for an hour and a half sometimes, chatting about anything that might be on his mind.

"Yes, he's a good boy, Elvis is," the reverend said.

Will rock-and-roll last?

And then, suddenly, with a knowing and satisfied smile, he continued:

"And it makes me feel good to know that he's really not too happy in this rock-and-roll, that he will give it up along with movies and other things within a year or two, that he will devote his life to something of greater worth."

I asked the reverend if, by this, he meant that Elvis might turn back to his first love, Gospel singing.

The reverend thought for a moment. He shook his head. "I can say nothing more at this time," he said, ". . . except that I think he will give it all up."

The seed had been planted now.

I investigated further.

He talked next to a buddy of Elvis', a fellow about Elvis' age who works for the singer, along with three or four other boys, as companion, bodyguard, friend and what-have-you. "I've never talked to Elvis about it direct," he told me, "but sometimes I wouldn't be surprised if, after Elvis comes out of the army, he'll feel he's had enough of this world of fast cars and big houses and everything and go back to what I know he's always wanted to do, Gospel singing.

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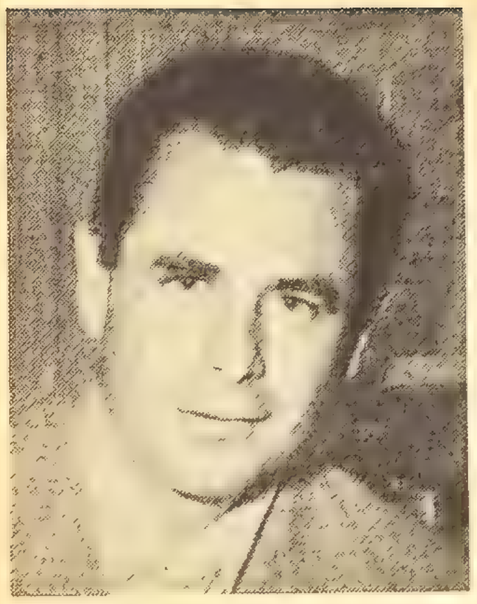
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GLENN FORD'S solemn promise

■ "I'm a junk collector," says Glenn Ford.

"Of course that's not what I call it. Ellie"—Eleanor Parker, to her fans, of course—"calls it junk. It isn't junk when I first pick it up at an auction or through a newspaper ad." But when it crowds his automobile out of a three-car garage, junk becomes a kind word for it.

"Let me take a quick inventory for you," Glenn continued. "Just standing from where I can see the front of the stuff, there's my rock collection. I've got rocks from all over the world, cleverly catalogued in boxes—if I could only reach the boxes! Some of them are from the highest peaks of the Alps, matched by a collection from our own Rocky Mountains. I've got a big basalt stone that came from the jungles of Brazil. Archaeologists can't understand how it got there, and my wife Ellie can't understand how it got *here!* I shipped it home from a picture I made in Rio.

"The rock I'm proudest of, though, came from the beach at Waikiki. It's volcanic—but Ellie insists that in carting it all the way home in my airplane luggage, I was a silly ash.

"Right next to my rocks is my rare book collection—over two thousand volumes on topics that range from Australia to zebras. When I made some movies in England after the war, I picked up a rare old item—a cookbook once used by Anne Boleyn—she was one of Henry VIII's wives. It couldn't have been much of a cook book, considering what Henry did to her—beheaded her!

"Most people who suffer a mania of some sort are influenced by the moon, but my collector's phobia is worst right after I finish shooting a picture. Tension over, I rush out on a collection binge. Most often it's something connected with the picture we just made. For instance, our stable of seventeen horses started with my first riding role! A character in another film was an ardent stamp collector. P.S.—Anybody want to buy a rare De Pinedo Air Mail 1927 or a C-4 Swedish Air Mail? They're somewhere in my collection.

"However, Ellie made me swear a solemn promise when I made *Don't Go Near The Water* for MGM. And I kept my promise faithfully.

"I didn't come home with a single battleship!"

"You know, here at the big house, with all its fancy trappings and its automatic gate down there on the roadway and its play cellar with its wall-to-wall carpeting, lots of people get the impression that Elvis has a ball here every night with his pals, and with some pretty girls we invite over. Well, it's true that El does sleep most of the day and stay up most of the night. And it's true that there's usually a small crowd of his friends here. But it ain't true what you hear about, the wild parties and the crazy screaming and yelling and people pushing each other into the pool with all their clothes on, all that stuff. You know what usually goes on? First, there's always a nice dinner that El's Ma makes. And then everybody goes downstairs if it's cool or out near the pool if it's not and we put on records and dance. And then, after that, El gets out his guitar and if somebody's there for the first time, like this girl from Hollywood, I'll never forget, she'll think, *Oh boy, now we get to hear some rock-and-roll from the master's voice.* But what El actually does is to spend the whole rest of the night singing all these songs he's known ever since he was a little bitty kid, Gospel songs he learned at the revivals and in church and at all the religious meetings he used to go to.

His folks can't go to church

"I'll tell you another thing, too. Maybe I shouldn't say it. I don't know. Anyway, if you do print this, don't put my name down as having said it. But I know for a fact that El feels very bad about his Mom and his Dad not going to church anymore as much as they used to. It ain't that they're any less religious than they ever were. That ain't it, at all. But, you see, they're shy people, Mr. and Mrs. Presley are, people who were always used to being poor and unimportant. And now with all this publicity El's been getting they can't make a move anyplace, especially here in Memphis, without a hundred people pointing at them and looking at them like they were something from outer space. And this makes them uncomfortable and even more shy. And so, because the same thing has happened to them in church, they've kind of stopped going as much as they used to. And I've heard El talk to them about this. And I've seen him look real depressed about it. And one day, when I know he was thinking about this, I heard him say, 'How is God gonna know you love Him if you don't show up at His House for a little while, just the way you expect Him to keep showin' up at yours?'"

Elvis muses

The third person I talked to was an old woman, crippled now with arthritis, but who till recently worked for Elvis and his folks. "That Mr. Presley," she said, referring to Elvis, "he is a chosed boy of God. Else why he have so much good fortune right now? Yes, the good fortune is mostly material and financial. But you mind me, Mr. Presley is going to repay the good Lord one day, repay Him with the voice God gave him and by singing His songs to the people, to all the people of the land.

"He believes in God very strongly, Mr. Presley does. Why when I was over there working for them, it used to hurt me so much to read stories in some magazines about what a little devil he was when it came to women and high living and all that nonsense. Because all that time there he was in the same house with me and I'd see him, such a wonderful boy, usually sitting by himself, in that big chair he favored near the window, just resting and looking out at the garden and the trees and some of the flowers that his daddy had planted a few months before he came home.

"Once, I recall, he was sitting there with a magazine on his lap, looking out of the window, with a kind of a certain look of sadness in his eyes. And I said to him, 'What's the matter, Mr. Presley? You been reading another one of those stories about yourself you don't like?' He shook his head and smiled and said no, that wasn't it; he'd just been reading something about science and things like that, he said, about a whole bunch of men who were working on a rocket to go up to the moon. 'You know,' he said to me, after thinking a little while more, 'I don't understand these people who are trying to find ways to go to Mars and the moon. I believe that the moon was put there to light up the earth and not for people to try and go up and see what it's made of.'

"And another time, when he was sitting there, that look in his eyes again, I said to him, 'Mr. Presley, it's getting to be such a nice night out tonight. Why don't you go out and have yourself a nice time with some of your friends?' And you know what he said to me? He said, 'I can't go anywheres now, ma'am. I'm sitting here praying. I don't pray as much as I should, I guess. But every once in a while I've got to sit still for a while and thank God for the blessings of giving me a good Mom and a good Dad and for making me healthy and for giving me a job that time way back when my Dad was sick and couldn't work and things looked so dark for us. Every once in a while I've got to talk to God like this and thank Him . . . and ask Him what He really intends for me to do in the long run of my life.'

"You ask me, man, do I think it's silly—the idea of Mr. Presley someday turning his whole attention to God and singing those songs of Jesus he loves so much? No, I don't think it's silly. Matter of fact, from those deep dark mysterious things I've seen in Mr. Presley's dark mysterious eyes when he's talked about religion and sung religious songs for me, I'd be surprised if he didn't." **END**

You can see Elvis in MGM's JAILHOUSE ROCK.

we'll be seeing you
in the **new year—**
in the february issue of
modern screen
(on sale january 2, 1958)
which will be devoted to
"love in hollywood"—
and will introduce
the sensational **holly-wood-love-meter!**
meanwhile, be sure to
get a copy of
modern screen's 1957 hollywood year book
(on sale december 5).

 Glenn is now in Columbia's COWBOY.

the redemption of monty clift

(*Continued from page 55*) And she remembered the story they told about Monty on Southern location for *Raintree County* a few months back, how he'd gotten so angry the day he arrived and learned a co-star was being given fancier living accommodations than he that he proceeded to take a few drinks of something and then go about destroying practically every piece of furniture in his cabin; how the next day, hung over, so hung over he could barely walk, he showed up for his first scene shaking all over; how when the time came for him to step up into a buggy in that scene he got into the buggy, all right, but ended up a moment later falling flat on his face and out over the other side.

The stewardess remembered these stories and stared at him now. The plane was just about to take off from the Paris airport, and Monty sat strapped into his seat looking out the small window of the plane, his eyes clear, a smile on his face, waving goodbye to somebody, excitedly but at the same time a little sadly, like a young boy going off on a long trip alone, leaving a lot he loves behind him, but happy and strong just the same.

The stewardess stared. And she couldn't help wonder what had happened to make this change. . . .

Floundering in the canal

Actually, it all began that day a little over four weeks earlier. The place was a narrow canal which ribbons its way along the lovely countryside just outside Paris. The time was late afternoon. *The Young Lions* company had been there all day shooting an important scene, one in which Monty flounders in the water and is finally pulled out. They had just completed the last take.

"That should sober him, if nothing else does," a crew member snickered.

The girl standing next to him ignored his remark. She'd been standing there for the last few hours watching Monty swim back and forth in the cold water and she kept her eyes on him now. She watched them pull him to the canal bank. She watched as one of the assistant directors went over to him with a big heavy blanket and handed it to him. She watched as Monty shook his head at the director and the blanket and walked a few yards away, as he sat down on the grass, still soaking wet, shivering, alone, away from everybody.

Suddenly, not knowing exactly what she was doing, why she was doing it, the girl began to walk over to where he sat. She stopped on the way to pick up the blanket the assistant director had dropped after trying to hand it to Monty, and then pausing just a moment—*was what she was doing right,* she wondered; *too forward? too interfering?*—she walked over to where he sat and draped the blanket around his shoulders.

He looked up. At first there was an angry expression in his eyes, as if to say *who are you and what do you want and why don't you leave me alone?* But when he saw the girl—she was pretty, even though she looked frightened, with a round clear-skinned face and sky-blue eyes, very large, very warm, and with her hair cut like a tomboy's, the way most girls were wearing their hair these days—when he saw her, the angry expression disappeared and he smiled.

"*Bonjour,*" he said.

"*Bonjour,*" the girl smiled back.

He motioned for her to sit down next to him.

After a long moment, she did.

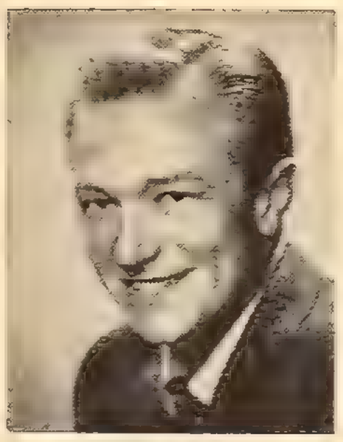
For a few minutes, neither of them said anything.

Tomboy's admiration

And then, slowly, as the coldness left Monty's body and the shyness began to find its way out of the girl, they began to talk.

Nobody has any way of knowing what they said to one another. All that is known

RICHARD DENNING



man of many professions!

■ Richard Denning sometimes finds it hard to remember who he really is.

This oddity in Richard's life is the result of his many screen portrayals during his motion picture career. He's just completed his *seventy-fourth* starring role in a motion picture, and he has portrayed just about every kind of character imaginable in his long and successful film career! He's been a pirate, doctor, gangster, police officer, government official, soldier, sailor, Marine, man from outer space, corpse, high diver, circus clown, geologist—and more.

"It's been the greatest educational experience of my life," Denning laughs, "and if I ever left the movie business, it couldn't be too tough to get into something else—after all, I've learned something about everything!"

If Denning ever does decide to leave acting, he'll probably devote himself full time to his construction business, which he operates as a sideline.

To give you an idea of what kind of businessman he is, Denning is currently building a new house for his co-star in WARNERS' *The Black Scorpion*, Mara Corday.

It all came about while they were on location in Mexico. Mara announced that she would be married to actor Richard Long—before long—and that they would need a new house.

Denning, seeing a prospective customer, drew up a set of plans for Mara. The lovely brunette submitted the plans to her future husband. He approved, and the DENNING CONSTRUCTION COMPANY went to work building a beautiful ranch-type house high atop a hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley—while Richard Denning and Mara finished up their picture!

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"PARDON ME, PHYLLIS—GOTTA KISS LAUREN."

■ Rock Hudson demonstrated bravery above and beyond the call of duty when he invited his bride of two months to watch his big love scene with Lauren Bacall in *Written On The Wind.*



It was strictly a gag.

Both Rock and the former Phyllis Gates, who had had a brief honeymoon just before he started the picture, were completely at ease—even when Hudson was his most ardent and Phyllis was standing directly behind the camera. . . .

After the scene was over, Lauren declared, "A fine trick to play on your leading lady. Being in movies for years ought to condition me to any excitement, but I'm not geared for this sort of thing, even if it is acting."

Then she flabbergasted the crew by going to sleep between takes, right in the bed used for the next scene.

Customarily, after a camera take is completed, the star goes to his or her dressing room until called for the next scene.

But not Lauren.

She just stayed right in bed and actually dozed while the scenery was shifted. Must have been the nervous tension of it all!

Lauren will appear in 20th's A Gift Of Love *and Rock in U-I's* Twilight For The Gods. *He is now in* A Farewell To Arms.

about the next hour is that they sat there talking, that the girl told him her name was Olga, that she was working on the movie, that she'd been an admirer of Monty's ever since she was a girl of fourteen and his first picture, *The Search,* was released. It's known, too, that Monty was so entranced by this young girl with the warm blue eyes and the tomboy haircut by the end of their hour together that he asked her if she would have dinner with him that night. And that she smiled and said *yes.*

"Monty and the girl were inseparable after that," a studio executive who was in Paris at the time recalls. "They were together on the set practically all the time for the five weeks of shooting and as soon as the shooting was over Monty would rush for his car and pick her up at the gate and they'd drive off. It was a beautiful thing all around, for them—and for us. For us it was great because for the first time in a long time Monty didn't give us any trouble. The whole thing, his relationship with this girl, seemed to straighten him out the way he hadn't been straightened out in years. There was a big cutdown in his drinking and there were no tantrums to put up with. And he wasn't the lone wolf of the company for a change, the pathetic lone wolf who never wanted to talk to anybody . . ."

Candlelight and wine

"One night my wife and I decided to go out to dinner," another person connected with the picture has said. "I saw them, sitting at a candle-lit table over in the corner, Monty and this special-effects girl who was working on the picture. They sat holding hands, looking into each other's eyes, ignoring everything else around them. Once in a while they would let go of their hands long enough to eat a little or sip a little wine. But for most of the time we were there they just sat, looking at one another, talking, sometimes laughing, sometimes not, and acting very much like the desperately-in-love young couple my wife wished that we still were . . ."

The last rendezvous

This writer learned about Monty and Olga the day he arrived in Paris to do a story on *The Young Lions* company. As soon as I got to my hotel I phoned the man in charge of publicity and told him I wanted to set up interviews with both Marlon and Monty.

"Marlon will be around for a few more days," I was told, "but Monty's all through with Paris locations today and has to fly back to Hollywood. In fact, as far as I know, he's just checked out of his hotel and he's on his way to the airport."

I was disappointed. I'd especially wanted to see Monty again. The last few stories I'd written on him had all been about his heavy drinking, the accidents that had almost taken his life, the rock-bottom emotional level he'd hit—and I wanted to see if maybe, by some miracle, something hadn't happened to change all that, at least a little.

I phoned the airport.

"*Oui,* Monsieur Clift is here," I was told. "His plane is delayed and he will not leave for another hour."

I decided to try to catch him at the airport, just to talk to him for a few minutes before he went back home.

I got to the airport, quite a way outside Paris, about three minutes too late.

That is, it was too late to get to talk to Monty. His plane hadn't taken off yet and I saw him standing on the other side of the closed fence, near the stairway leading up to the plane, but he was talking to a girl.

I watched them talking for a few minutes until an exasperated French airport official came rushing over to them and, his hands flying around with more fervor than the airplanes overhead, begged them to break it up, for Monty to get on the plane so it could take off.

A flying kiss

Monty nodded. And then, as the girl touched his arm gently and began to walk away, he ran a few steps after her, grabbed her, spun her around, took her in his arms and kissed her.

A minute later, he was on the plane and the girl was on the side of the fence where I stood, standing directly alongside me, looking desperately over toward the plane, from little window to little window, trying to catch Monty's face, then finally spotting him and throwing up her arm and whispering, "*Au revoir,* Monty . . . goodbye. . . ."

I was introduced to her after the plane left by some of the other members of the company whom I knew, and who'd come to the airport to say *bon voyage* to Monty and a couple of the others who were going back to the States with him. They'd obviously been having a small party before they'd driven out from Paris. And they were obviously in a mood to continue it when they got back to town.

"Will you come, Olga?" one of them asked as they headed back to their cars.

Olga said she didn't think so. *She was tired,* she said, *and she wanted to get back to her apartment and rest.*

Then they asked me if I'd like to go along.

I, too, was tired from my long trip, I told them, *and if they didn't mind. . . .*

"Oh, not at all, not at all," they called back, piling into their cars and driving off.

Olga and I were alone now. She asked if she could give me a lift back into town. I accepted.

Back from the dead

It was as we were riding back to Paris that she told me a little about herself and Monty. She knew I was a writer and, knowing that Monty wasn't too fond of writers, she was very careful in what she told me. But she couldn't help talking about some things, especially about that first day they'd met, after Monty had been pulled out of the cold canal water—"He looked like a little wet puppy dog," she said, "so alone, so shivering"—and she'd gone over to him with the warm blanket and draped it around his shoulders.

The rest of the story, I knew, I would have to get from other people, as I eventually did.

But all the same I could tell now, during our ride back to Paris, having known this sweet young girl for only a little while, that she was the person responsible for the change I'd been able to see in Monty from behind the fence at the airport for these few minutes a little while back, the change the airplane stewardess I talked to weeks later had noticed, the change everyone who'd been in contact with Monty for the past five weeks had noticed. This, I half-realized now and was to find out later, this was the girl who had succeeded in bringing a lost soul back from the dead, in bringing love back to a man who'd begun to wipe love from his life with fear and drink, disappointment and distrust.

"When do you expect to see Monty again, Olga?" I asked. "Did he say anything at all about coming back?"

The burning question

Olga pretended not to hear me. And, a moment later, I looked straight ahead at the road and pretended not to notice her reach for her handkerchief and wipe her eyes.

Even though we began talking again within a little while, about other things—Paris and wines and where-to-go and what-to-see—my question seemed to linger in the car, silent and unanswered and yet still there.

"Did he say anything at all about coming back?"

And as I kept hearing it, I thought how good it would be, for both of them—the boy who'd been saved and the girl who'd saved him—if some day he did. . . .

END

See Monty in MGM's Raintree County *and watch for him in 20th Century-Fox's* The Young Lions.

I'd like a brother or sister

(*Continued from page 43*) Tessie Malone, a freckle-faced, usually good-humored little neighbor girl whom I had known since we moved into the street. When I kept winning, Tessie got annoyed. Finally she cried out, "Go home. I don't want to play with you anymore. I want to play with my sister . . ."

"But what will I do . . .?"

"I don't care. Leave me alone. Go home. . . ."

On the way back I passed the Leutweilers' house, near ours. I played with Jackie and Walter and Gale almost every day, but this afternoon they weren't on the porch. I took a chance and rang the bell.

Mrs. Leutweiler, tall, stately, kind and firm, opened the door.

"Could Jackie and Gale come over?" I asked.

"Not today, Jayne. They've been bad children. They're being punished by staying home. . . ."

I hesitated. "May I come in and play with them here?"

"No, Jayne. They're being punished today."

When I passed their window, I overheard their giggling inside their rooms. *That's being punished?* I thought, disappointedly. I would have liked to get punished too if it meant having such a good time.

A dog isn't enough

I sauntered on home, slowly, aimlessly. Mamma was out when I walked into my house. Corky, my wire-haired terrier enthusiastically wagged his tail, but I didn't want just a dog to play with.

I don't know how long I sat on my bed, not knowing what to do except feel sorry for myself. Finally I took all my belongings out of my drawers, walked to the five and ten, bought two rolls of shelf paper, came back and lined all the drawers before putting back my clothes and knick-knacks, just to have something to do. Then I sat down and stared at the ceiling . . .

At the Leutweiler house Jackie and Gale had sat out their *punishment*. My face brightened with anticipation as I saw them head for my home. They didn't stop. . . .

"Where are you going?" I shouted, breathless from having dashed out of my room, down the hall, and through the living room to the front door, but trying to be very casual about it.

"To the movies," said Jackie.

"May I come along?"

They went into a huddle. Then Gale looked up. "Naw. We want to be alone. Why don't you get your own sister to play with. . . ."

Run-away

I ran into my room, slammed the door, flew onto my bed and buried my face in my hands. That's how my Mother found me when she got back from the store.

Her voice was soft, her hands caressed my head, neck, and shoulders. "What's wrong, darling?"

"Nothing," I cried out. *"Nothing! Nothing at all! Just leave me alone!"*

I didn't have tantrums very often, so this worried Mother.

I'm still not sure why I blew my top on this particular day, except maybe it was so hot and so many different things happened within a few hours.

By dinnertime I had calmed down somewhat. I noticed Mamma and my stepfather exchanging glances. I knew she must have told him, but he too said nothing about it.

After dinner I went back to my room, picked up my favorite doll, and cuddled it in my arms. "*You're* my sister," I said. "I do have a sister, I do, I do, I *do*. . . ."

I had done this often before. Only this night I just didn't feel like playing make-believe. My 'sister' was just a piece of plastic dressed in cloth.

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. . . .

Mother was drying the dishes and my stepfather reading the paper when I sneaked quietly out of the house. In my right hand I carried a small suitcase into which I had hastily thrown my toothbrush, nightie, slippers, and piggy bank. In my left I held my winter coat in spite of the ninety-some degree heat even after dark.

I didn't know where I was heading. I just wanted to get away. As long as I had



TY POWER'S LUCKY GOLD CAMERA

It happened at a hotel in Cannes, France's renowned sea-side resort. The desk-clerk told Ty that a young French boy begged to see him. Ty received the stranger —a handsome fellow with dark, eloquent eyes. In broken English, he asked Ty if he had a chance of realizing his ambition to become an actor. "So far I 'ave only work as an extra at a Paris studio," he admitted.

The young Frenchman had an appealing personality, and Ty liked him. So he said encouragingly, "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up!"

Then Ty removed a little gold camera from his key ring. "For luck!" he said.

Some years later, Ty went to a dinner party in Hollywood. One of the guests, a tall, romantic-looking chap approached him and extended his hand.

"Do you remember," he asked, speaking excellent English but with a decided French accent, "that you gave this to me ten years ago?" And he showed Ty the little gold camera. "It *has* brought me luck," he said, "in France." And he went on to tell Ty about the American movie he was making now, as the star.

The Frenchman? He was Louis Jourdan!

Ty is currently in 20th Century-Fox's THE SUN ALSO RISES *and will soon be in UA's* WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

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THE NIGHT JAMES DARREN SOLD HIS KISSES

■ "Listen," said James Darren, "things can get tough, and if you gotta make a buck, you gotta make a buck!"

He was talking about that night that he was selling kisses, 50¢ a piece, and no questions asked.

Which may sound a little surprising considering the fact that Jimmy had already finished his starring role in *Rumble On The Docks.*

But here's the way Jimmy tells it:

"I had left California a week before, and for seven days and seven nights I was hopping across the country—a couple of hours in this town, overnight in the next; lunch here, dinner there. Not only was I all beat, but it was darned lonely.

"But, after all, life's like that every once in a while, and who am I to kick?

"So finally, after days and days and days of eating catch-as-catch-can and never enough sleep, I hit Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"I remember walking out of the train and thinking that the sun looked as warm and welcome as a spring day. I remember wishing I were just walking out to the barn to saddle the horse I used to ride when I was a kid—wishing it was reins instead of a suitcase slapping against my knees.

"So who's to know that by seven that evening, when I'm figuring to be half-way to New York, that the couple of snowflakes that started coming down at two is going to turn into a blizzard that grounds all flights, knocks the train schedule off—and maroons me in Scranton!

"Another night in Scranton; what to do?

"So I'm sitting in the hotel dining room, finishing my dessert and coffee, when this guy that I met as soon as I hit Scranton says to me, 'They're having a rally here tonight. Why don't we take that in?'

"'Let's go,' I said.

"So we're walking over there, through the slush, and I said to him, 'Wouldn't mind earning a buck, but what could I do?'

"And he says right back to me, 'Well, you could always sell kisses!'

"He was kidding, of course, but I answered, 'Look, if that'll do it, I'm willing.'

"So after a few more sentences back and forth that finally convinces him I'm not kidding, he tells me he'll set it up.

"As soon as we got to the rally, he went to the manager's office and in less time than you'd think it was possible, there's a big sign that says anybody who's willing to pay 50¢ can have the pleasure of kissing James Darren.

"Made a nice little bundle that evening. Which made me feel pretty great.

"Yes sir," says James Darren, "it made me feel pretty great that the night I got snow-bound in Scranton on a personal appearance tour, the studio publicity man thought of having me sell kisses to raise money for the *March of Dimes* rally they were having there."

James is currently in Columbia's OPERATION MAD BALL.

no brother or sister, I reasoned, I might as well be all alone.

I wasn't for long.

About a half a mile from the house I could hear the patter of paws and the hard, exhausted breath of a dog. A few seconds later Corky caught up with me, and licked my hand. Now I really bawled.

I was still crying when I limped back into the house. Mother didn't even know I had left, for all in all I was gone just a little while. And when she saw me, she didn't scold, didn't ask for an explanation. She just sat down next to me, put her arm around my shoulders, and drew me close. She was crying too. . . .

"I'm sorry, Mamma," I sobbed. "It's just. . . ."

I didn't know how to say it. I didn't have to. She knew . . .

"Jackie and Gale didn't want to take you to a movie, did they?" she asked softly.

I nodded my head.

"And Tessie sent you home . . ."

I nodded again.

Feeling sorry for herself

"And you feel sorry because you have no brother or sister of your own, and you envy the other children who do, isn't that it, Jaynie?"

"Yes, Mom. . . ."

"Have you ever thought that they might envy you too in some ways . . . ?"

It had never occurred to me.

"Do Gale and Jackie have their own room, like you do?"

"No, they don't." My face brightened as I perked up. "But you know, they've often said they wished they did . . ."

"And didn't I hear Tessie say the other day she wished she could have a dog, like Corky, but that her father insisted if he gave her one, he'd have to get pets for her sisters and older brother as well, and he couldn't afford to keep that many around the house. . . .?"

"She did."

"And do you know that we might no have been able to let you take violin anc acting lessons if you weren't an onl child?"

I had to admit she was right again And Mother hadn't even brushed th surface. . . .

As the days and weeks and month went by, I began to appreciate more anc more the advantages of being an onl child, and I wasn't just thinking of thing like having my own room, and desk, anc vanity set, and the prettiest dresses o any girl in class.

I realized how Mother had given up her bridge games to take me to my drama lessons; how my stepfather had alway arranged to take me along on his busi ness trips; and while he talked to hi clients, how Mother took the place of m teacher by going through my lessons wit me; how both constantly and joyfully ar ranged their lives to give me the bes education and best opportunities and th many little luxuries I could never hav enjoyed if they had to be shared betwee two or more children.

My home too

"I don't want to," I had replied. "I want to do something creative. Wh can't I sketch?"

"Planting roses can be very creative," Mother had smiled. "And besides, this i your house as much as ours, and i should be a privilege to help beautify it don't you think?"

I didn't think so. At least not till a rose bloomed and I brought all m friends over and cried out, "Isn't that th most beautiful flower you've ever seen?"

Today I am convinced that the day i Dallas when I realized how fortunate really was not only helped me grow u more happily, but helps me rear my ow daughter. Jayne Marie, also an only child

Had my feeling of loneliness and self pity persisted, I couldn't have kept he from feeling exactly the same way. A it is, by remembering my own childhoo and my parents' wonderful attitude I ca help her be a happier, better adjuste child as well.

Just a few weeks ago, for instance, sh was sitting on the pool deck, dangling he feet in the crystal-clear water, her min miles away. "Mommie," she announce finally, "some day I'd like to have brother or sister. . . ."

"You will," I assured her, "and I hop soon. . . ."

She wasn't satisfied. "Some days I jus don't know what to do all by mysel Like today . . ."

"I'll tell you what you can do: yo can help Mickey and me carry bricks u from the street to the patio so he ca finish the terrace . . ." and with that got up from my lawn chair.

"But Mommie," she cried out. "Wh should I carry bricks? I'll get tired. . . .

"Not if you take one at a time. Be sides, this is your home as much as min and the patio we build will also be your as much as mine . . ."

"It will?"

"It most *certainly* will," I assured he as I headed down the steps to the roa where Mickey was already unloading th truck parked in front of the house.

Jayne Marie soon joined us. She wa tired that night, when we stopped. Bu she was happy and she didn't commen again on being lonely, or an only chil And I didn't feel sorry for her any mor than my mother did for me when I wa her age—because I had learned tha there's really nothing to be sorr about. . . . EN

See Jayne in 20th Century-Fox's WI SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUDSON?

(*Continued from page 38*)

BOB MITCHUM'S EGGNOG

This brew holds a nostalgic spot in my old but merry heart because it always reminds me of the first Christmas together for my wife and me. At the time, my wife was in the unfortunate position of being married to a starving actor, and was therefore starving along with me. Nonetheless we emptied the hoard of nickels in the teapot and invited a whole slew of our friends for holiday doings, announcing the fare would be eggnog. They were a good hearted bunch of souls and, knowing we were broke and also knowing that eggnog can clear out the hen house in nothing flat, they brought eggs. Without exception they brought eggs, a dozen from each guest. We finally had to pile them in a closet, and ate them forever after.

This recipe, which I insist on whipping up myself, will make five quarts. I make no apology for the excessive quantity, on the theory that only a dope would go to the trouble for less.

12 egg yolks
6 egg whites
1 lb. confectioner's sugar
1 quart rum, brandy or whisky
2 quarts of cream
1 quart of milk
salt (Dorothy says a half teaspoon)

Beat the egg yolks and gradually add the sugar, beating constantly, and keep beating while you add very slowly the brandy (or whatever) and the milk and cream. Whip the egg whites and salt until stiff and fold into the brew. You can put nutmeg on top if you want, but nobody really needs it. As to quantity of alcohol, I have recommended a mediocre amount. You might harken, however, to the advice of Mark Twain who said, "Too much of anything is bad, but too much whisky is just enough."

RORY CALHOUN'S POTATO SOUP

Sure it's a crazy dish for Christmas, but we always have it because it's my favorite. I'm the type that likes soup even for breakfast, and potato soup tops the list. Lita had a little trouble catching on to this particular idiosyncracy, and her very first potato soup



DAN DAILEY RUNS OUT OF GAS!

One day a couple of years back, Dan offered to drive his co-star, Betty Grable, to the commissary for lunch. They were filming *When My Baby Smiles At Me* at the time, and Dan's car in those days was a beat-up old jalopy that stood out like a sore thumb among the streamlined convertibles on the 20TH CENTURY-FOX lot.

Betty took one look at it and told Dan she'd drive her own car, thank you. Then remembered her car was being serviced. "If you think your crate can make it," she told Dan, "I'll take that ride to the commissary."

They chugged along when suddenly the old bus stopped in its tracks and nothing could make it go. Dan looked the motor over and was plainly puzzled. "I don't get it," he muttered. "I can't find anything wrong."

It was then that Betty looked at the gas gauge. "The tank is empty!" she said, almost quietly. "Guess we'd better hitch a ride," she suggested. Which is exactly what they did when Richard Arlen drove along in his gas-filled car and rescued them.

A few months after that, Dan broke down and bought himself a new car. At the time he was making a movie with Anne Baxter. Dan showed his car to her, pointing out such features as the heater, the white side walls, the compass on the dashboard.

"Hop in," he offered, "and I'll drive you to the commissary."

Ann hesitated. "Well, all right, but Betty told me . . ."

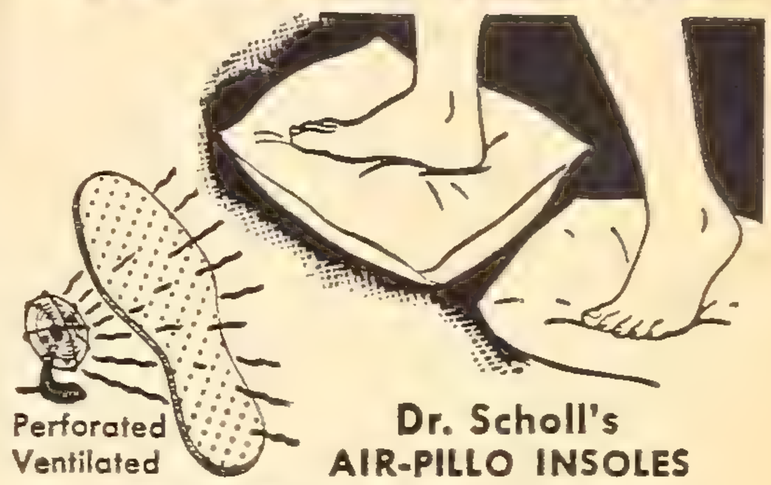
Dan helped her in and off they went—but not very far.

"Honestly, Dan," said Ann, "there's something you should know. Heaters and white side walls are fine, so are compasses. But you still need *gas* to run a car!"

"Oh no, not again!" groaned Dan. "Who said lightning can't strike twice in the same place?"

Dan Dailey is in MGM's UNDERWATER WARRIOR.

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SANDRA DEE'S FIRST KISS

■ Three weeks before she went to Hollywood for a screen test, pretty fifteen-year-old Sandra Dee went to a party. And that party almost ended her movie career—before it even got started!

How come? Well—first of all, Sandra ordinarily avoids parties like the plague.

Back in her hometown of Bayonne, New Jersey, up until she was twelve, Sandy had loved parties—birthday parties, holiday parties, just plain parties. But then she had been 'discovered' for TV, had moved to New York, had started modelling, acting, singing and dancing, had lost track of the old gang and was too busy to become part of a new one. Parties were for friends who knew each other well. She knew no one, so parties stopped being fun when she was a stranger in a roomful of laughing kids.

But she had gone to this party. A friend of her mother's had insisted that Sandra come. And Sandy, to please her mother, said *okay*.

The youngsters had the living room to themselves—her hostess' parents had retired to the kitchen—and there were games and dancing and Cokes and ice cream. Sandy found herself having a nice time—until couples started pairing off, and a boy she didn't like too much latched on to her. And all of a sudden someone turned off the lights! That's when it happened, the thing that almost finished her movie career.

The boy who was with Sandra—she didn't even know his name—grabbed her and tried to kiss her! She was scared and surprised—and he wasn't about to let go! It was a messy, unpleasant wrestling match for Sandra until she could push him away.

The memory of that evening was right in the front of her mind two weeks later as she prepared to make her screen test for a leading role in *Teach Me To Cry*. And Sandra was having conniptions. As part of the test she would have to kiss a boy, someone she had never met or heard of before. She was petrified. Kiss a boy in public!—why she had never kissed a boy before, in public *or* in private. And if kissing meant an unpleasant boy who just grabbed at her and wouldn't let go—well, she was scared stiff. Red as a beet, heart pounding, she stayed in her dressing room long after someone had called, "*We're ready, Miss Dee.*"

She just couldn't do it. Kiss a boy—in front of all those people. And act as if she were *enjoying* it? She just couldn't!

Finally the director came to see what was wrong. He was kind, understanding, and all her fears came tumbling out. So he told her that an actress, a *real* actress, could play any role, make any scene believable, and that did it. Sandy nodded her head and walked out on the set.

Then she saw him, the fellow she was to kiss—Johnny Saxon. One look and she forgot all about fear and embarrassment. He was *so* handsome.

The clinch came. A long kiss. Then the director cried "*Cut.*" And Sandy left Johnny's arms and walked slowly back to her dressing room.

The director joined her there, patted her hand and said, "That was fine—a *fine* piece of acting."

And Sandy looked up at him, eyes sparkling, and said, "Who was acting?"

Ever since that first kiss Sandy wears a *Sweetheart Button* with Johnny's picture on it—and because she's hoping to do a test with Tab Hunter too, someday, she also has one with his picture on it!

Sandra Dee is in MGM's UNTIL THEY SAIL *and U-I's* TEACH ME HOW TO CRY.

is by this time a classic in the family. We'd been married a couple of months when I came down with a bad cold, and she insisted I stay in bed so she could play Florence Nightingale. She brought breakfast and the newspaper on a tray and spoiled me to death all morning. When she asked what I'd like for lunch I said potato soup.

She looked a little nonplused. "How do you make it?"

"Real easy," I said. "Just boil some potatoes, drain 'em, pour milk over them and reheat it."

She disappeared for a half hour and came back with a steaming bowl on the tray. It didn't taste quite right and I told her I'd forgotten to mention onions. Whereupon she whisked the soup from under my nose and disappeared once more. She was back in less than two minutes.

"How'd you do it so fast?" I said.

"Simple," she said. "I just sliced onions and threw them in the soup."

Which goes to prove that Lita was like any other bride. It never occurred to her that the onions should have been cooked, too.

With the story you have the recipe, but I'd mention that if you want to really do it up, add some chicken broth, some chopped parsley, butter, salt and pepper. And plan to wait at least ten minutes before tackling the turkey. This stuff is filling.

JOHN WAYNE'S WESTERN SALAD

The way I look at it, whether you have turkey or shish kabob for Christmas, no dinner is complete without a salad. I whip up my own for barbecues all year round, and on Christmas insist on invading the kitchen, whether or not the women like it. This salad is my favorite, and my sole claim to culinary fame.

You put a garlic clove in ⅓ cup of oil and let it stand. Break up lettuce, romaine and watercress, and pour over it ¾ cup of oil. Add 1 tablespoon of Worcestershire and ½ cup each of parmesan and Roquefort cheese. Break a raw egg over the salad, add a squeeze of lemon juice. Then remove the garlic clove from the ⅓ cup of oil and pour the oil over the greens. Add a pint of croutons and toss the whole business.

You'll probably make out better the first time than I did. I don't pretend to have invented this thing myself; I got it from a recipe which said *ream lemon juice*. The word *ream*, as far as I was concerned, meant enlarging the bore of a gun or 500 sheets of paper.

The dictionary wasn't much help. It added a couple of definitions such as *to skim the cream from, or an enormous quantity, as of something written.* Armed with this useless information, I squeezed the juice of an entire lemon into the salad, and then watched the guests react as they would to a dose of alum. Take it easy on the lemon juice and you'll have a salad fit for a king, even on Christmas.

DOROTHY MALONE'S CRABMEAT STUFFING

This is not *my* stuffing. If I went to college for twenty years, I could never grow smart enough to dream up anything as good as this. The only thing I can brag about is that I had sense enough to try it when I saw the recipe, which had won a fat prize in a contest.

You flake the contents of 1 can (6½ oz.) of crabmeat
Add 2 slightly beaten eggs
Melt 2 tbsp. of butter and saute in it
½ cup chopped onion
¾ cup chopped celery
2 slices minced bacon
1 cup fresh bread crumbs (if you make your own you'll find it better than the prepared stuff)

Combine these ingredients with the crabmeat. Season them with salt and pepper and add 1 tsp. of Worcestershire, or if you prefer, 1 tbsp. of sherry.

This amount will fill a chicken—or 4 green peppers on a day that isn't Christmas. You ought to double or triple amounts for a turkey, depending on its weight.

DEBORAH KERR'S YORKSHIRE PUDDING

In England, Christmas means roast beef. And where there's beef there's Yorkshire Pudding, or the meal isn't complete. It carries the reputation of being difficult to make, but I've found a recipe that is fool-proof—*if* you follow it to the letter.

Beat 2 eggs with a rotary beater for 3 minutes. Add 1 cup of milk and continue beating for another minute. Add, a little at a time, ¾ cup of sifted flour and 1 teaspoon of salt. Continue beating until smooth. Pour into a shallow pan in which you have put ¼ cup of drippings from the roast beef. Place in a hot oven (400°) and bake about 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve with the roast. (Serves 4.) Incidentally, make sure the pan is shallow and wide. The larger the area, the thinner the batter,



'Dolores Is A Scene-Stealer—And I Don't Care!"

It's a well known fact that film stars hate acting opposite animals because animals are just natural scene-stealers.

But Rod Steiger is different. Why? Well, according to Rod, "When I first read the script of *Across The Bridge* in Hollywood, I was warned about playing so many scenes with a dog. But the offer was a good one. I wanted to work in England, where the picture was to be filmed, so I agreed to take a chance.

"We advertised in the papers, and it seemed as if we had been sent all the dogs in London—but we couldn't find one that that was really suitable. Then we got a phone call from a home for stray dogs in London. Unless we could use this dog they had picked up, she would have to be put to sleep. It seemed that no one wanted to adopt a stray mongrel.

"When I saw this pathetic stray. Dolores. I felt she was just right. Maybe because she reminded me of a dog I had once been given as a birthday present."

So Dolores was given to the film company. For three weeks she was sent to a kennel out in the country for a rigorous training. "When you see the film," Rod says with a father's pride, "you'll wonder at the star performance Dolores gives. She acts as if she'd made a dozen movies!"

Does that clue you as to why Rod doesn't care if Dolores steals the picture?

When the company went to Spain on location, Dolores was sent ahead so she could complete quarantine regulations. While she was away, Rod became restless.

"As soon as I got off the plane at the airport in Spain and saw Dolores waiting for me, I knew what had been the matter. I loved that dog."

While they were in Spain, the top Hollywood star and the stray dog became inseparable. Rod took Dolores for long walks. Rod went swimming, and the dog paddled beside him. Rod went to sleep—and Dolores kept the foot of Rod's bed pretty crowded.

At the moment Dolores is in Spain in quarantine. And then she's going on a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour with Marla Landi, the film's leading lady.

"Then Dolores will be all mine," Rod Steiger beams. Because stray mongrel Dolores found a master—in real life, too . . .

No wonder Rod doesn't care if she's a scene-stealer!

Rod can now be seen in Rank's ACROSS THE BRIDGE, *MGM's* CRY TERROR *and U-I's* THE UNHOLY WIFE.

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U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS

and the better the pudding.

I don't particularly recommend it to accompany turkey, but if you'd like roast beef for a change, the Yorkshire Pudding will make your meal a heavenly one. Brown small potatoes in the pan with the roast, and if you like, serve with the beef a dish of sour cream to which you have added a touch of horseradish sauce.

JUNE ALLYSON'S MASHED POTATOES

I can barbecue a fabulous hamburger and I'm an expert at scrambling eggs, but when it comes to a complicated Christmas dinner, I can only offer a suggestion to enhance your mashed potatoes. Basically, they are a dull dish, and I think we get so accustomed to chomping away at this all-American item that we forget it really isn't very good.

Try making them as usual, then beat 2 egg yolks and mix them into the potatoes. Then whip the 2 egg whites until stiff, and fold them in. This makes the potatoes so light they're ready to leave your plate. And for flavor, add chives, along with butter, salt and pepper.

JANE POWELL'S MINCE PIE

This is only for people with ambition, muscles, time and appreciation for good food. Anyone can buy mincemeat in a store, but it's something special if you make your own. Count on a whole day if you're going to do it, and plan it well ahead of Christmas so that you don't get snarled up in the holiday doings. And I recommend that you do as I do—clear the kitchen of all children, husbands and pets. You might even leave the telephone off the hook.

Combine:

4 lbs. lean beef, chopped
2 lbs. beef suet, chopped
1 peck Baldwin apples, peeled, cored and sliced
3 lbs. sugar
2 quarts cider
4 lbs. seeded raisins
3 lbs. currants
1½ lbs. citron, chopped
½ lb. dried orange peel, chopped
½ lb. dried lemon peel, chopped
juice and rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon mace
1 tablespoon cloves
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
2 whole nutmegs, grated
1 gallon sour cherries with juice
2 lbs. broken nut meats

Once you have all this in a large pot, cook it slowly for two hours, stirring frequently. Seal it in jars and you'll have enough mincemeat to last you, your family and assorted neighbors, for some time to come. I apologize for the enormous quantity, but it's the only way I ever make it. It just isn't worth it to create all this for one or two pies.

As to baking the pie, I assume you know that you line your pan with a crust, fill it with mincemeat, cover with a top crust, and bake in a hot oven (450°) for 30 minutes.

It's a lot of work, but if you love mince pie, you'll be glad you did it.

If you want to become a famous movie star, better try being a jack-of-all-trades before beginning your acting career. At least, the formula proved successful for Alan Ladd, currently performing with distinction aboard a United States destroyer as gunnery officer in Warners' *The Deep Six*.

"I had early training for getting up very early in the morning. My first job as a youngster was sweeping out a candy store at five a.m. My next job, during summer vacation, was opening apricots and smoking them in sulphur dioxide. Then I went to work for one of the Piggly Wiggly supermarkets.

"Then I worked as a gas station attendant, a potato chips salesman from house to house and a newspaper salesboy. After graduating from high school, I was hired by the Sun-Record in the San Fernando Valley—first as printer's devil and copy boy, later as advertising manager and sports editor."

From newspaperman, Alan became restaurateur when he opened Tiny's Hot Dog Stand—also holding down the jobs of salesman for the National Cash Register Company and reporting the news on the radio for an oil company. Did Alan become tired of all this job-hopping? Not at all!

He took a job as a grip at Warners'. That's when Alan decided to switch! He quit Warners'—as a grip—to come back to Warners' as an actor.

DEBRA PAGET'S STEAMED PLUM PUDDING

If you have a small family, don't try it. This requires everything but a bucket brigade and on second thought, you could use that, too. At our house, my mother enlists the services of both sisters and myself, and has been known to yell for help from my brother and brothers-in-law.

1 cup of bread flour

Prepare and dredge lightly with part of the flour:

1 lb. suet (2 cups), chopped
1 lb. seeded raisins
1 lb. currants, washed and dried
1 lb. citron, chopped

Resift the remaining flour with:

1 nutmeg, grated
1 tablespoon cinnamon
½ tablespoon mace
1 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons of sugar, or
½ cup brown sugar

Combine the dredged and the sifted ingredients.

Add:

7 egg yolks
4 tablespoons cream
½ cup brandy or sherry (if you don't want brandy use ½ cup orange juice and 2 tablespoons grated orange rind)
3 cups grated bread crumbs

Place on a platter and whip until stiff:

7 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt

Fold them lightly into the raisin mixture. Pour the batter into a greased pudding mold. Cover it closely and steam the pudding for 6 hours.

We always make a sauce to go with it, and here it is if you're interested. Cook and stir in a double boiler until thick:

1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
2 eggs
⅛ tsp. salt
5 tbsp. heavy wine

Sure it's a lot of work, but you have to pay for your pleasures in this world, and my family joins me in the wager you'll find this the best plum pudding you've ever eaten. END

Rock Hudson
U-I's PYLON
20th Century-Fox's A FAREWELL TO ARMS
MGM's SOMETHING OF VALUE
U-I's TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

Doris Day
MGM's TUNNEL OF LOVE
Warner Bros.' PAJAMA GAME
Paramount's TEACHER'S PET

Sal Mineo
Columbia's THE YOUNG DON'T CRY

Liz Taylor
MGM's RAINTREE COUNTY

Ann Blyth
Warner Bros.' THE HELEN MORGAN STORY

Tony Curtis
UA's THE VIKINGS
UA's KINGS GO FORTH

Bob Mitchum
20th Century-Fox's THE ENEMY BELOW
UA's THUNDER ROAD

Rory Calhoun
MGM's THE HIRED GUN
U-I's HEMP BROWN
Columbia's DOMINO KID
UA's RIDE OUT FOR REVENGE

John Wayne
U-I's JET PILOT
UA's LEGEND OF THE LOST
20th Century-Fox's THE TOWNSEND HARRIS STORY

Dorothy Malone
MGM's TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY
U-I's PYLON
U-I's MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES
Warner Bros.' TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Deborah Kerr
Columbia's BONJOUR TRISTESSE

June Allyson
U-I's INTERLUDE

Jane Powell
U-I's THE FEMALE ANIMAL
U-I's THE GIRL MOST LIKELY

Debra Paget
Paramount's THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

...ve could choose any baby

(*Continued from page 41*) "He's in there because he's so *sick*. Because there's nowhere else for him to go."

Earl knew how sick his dad was; he had lived with the terrifying sickness ever since an oil rig accident in Texas had injured his father, and resulted in epileptic fits that gradually chopped down the strong, kind man who had raised him. Then suddenly they were violent and steady—two hundred seizures that last day. No charity hospital would take an acute case like that, and their money was gone. The coroner suggested the jail. "At least he'll get some medical care there," he said.

When Earl's mother came back, he saw her tears and knew his dad was dying. They rode home on the bus without saying much. An obscure line in the Shreveport paper announced their tragedy: H. E. HOLLIMAN DIED LAST NIGHT IN THE CITY JAIL. That Christmas, a couple of weeks later, they ate pork and beans, because beans cost only ten cents a sack.

Understandably, Christmas doesn't mean quite the same thing to Earl Holliman as it does to most people. The holiday doesn't recall a trip to grandma's, a turkey feast and a cozy sense of well being and security. To Earl it's still the season when the bottom dropped out of his boyhood. . . .

Right now Earl is living better than he has ever lived in his life. He has a cozy red-shingled house up in Laurel Canyon with a swimming pool. He has a maid to cook his meals, a new Oldsmobile HOLIDAY and a closet full of expensive clothes. He has a contract with Hal Wallis, money in the bank and some blue-chip stocks. He has some old friends who aren't big wheels in Hollywood and a lot of new ones who are. He has invitations to parties that never used to come.

An unwanted baby

But if anyone ever had a shaky start in life it was the unwanted baby delivered by a midwife in a sharecropper's shack on September 11, 1928. Earl was the seventh child of an utterly destitute farmer. He weighed six pounds at birth but a week later was down to four, shrivelled and yellow with jaundice.

Then his father, his real father—died, and his real mother was left with six young children—and the sick infant Earl. And just one problem—where to get food for him.

That's when the Hollimans came into the life of weeks-old Earl.

Henry and Velma Holliman desperately yearned for a child, any child. Velma couldn't have one, and adoption homes turned them down because an oil-field worker moved around too much. So they drove fifty miles and picked up the miserable waif in his flour-sack diaper —and listened to a backwoods doctor tell

JAYNE MANSFIELD'S $90,000 INHERITANCE

■ It wasn't Jayne Mansfield's curves that put her in the papers a while back—it was some $90,000 dropping into her lap from her grandfather's estate.

Ninety thousand dollars is a lot of loot.

What is Jayne going to do with it? Salt it away for some rainy day? Not Jayne! "I'd rather," she says, "spend all my money now, while I am still young and can enjoy it!"



It's possible Jayne might have a new address soon!

And she knows exactly where she wants to put that inheritance. Into a little 50-room Holmby Hills castle that she's been admiring. Built in 1930 for just under a million dollars. Jayne can have it for a mere $150,000!

The four-acre place has, among a number of other things, an elevator, four balconies, a waterfall, a small private lake, a swimming pool they could hold the Olympics in, greenhouses, marble floors, barbecue pits, and avenues of palm trees.

Of course a mere $90.000 doesn't cover the cost of this humble home—nor the upkeep. "I realize," Jayne admits, "that it takes a lot of money to live in a mansion like that. Why, they have two gardeners busy full time just to keep the grounds up." And she adds, a slight frown dislocating those famous features, "I've been thinking so hard about it that I've actually developed a headache."

But Jayne isn't a gal to stay down for long with a problem like mere money. She brightens again as she says, "But I *should* have that house, you know. I feel just right the minute I walk through that huge marble entrance hall. It's like a real queen's house. When I'm in it, I feel like a star *should* feel."

Jayne has demonstrated right through the ups and downs of her career that when she wants something, she buys it—regardless of whether she can afford it or not. Like that $30,000 mink coat—when she first started the stage version of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Then she felt that a stage star simply *had* to have a mink.

Now Jayne wants to live up to being a movie star—to what the *public* thinks a movie star should be like, that is. What with taxes and other problems, movie stars have gotten more and more like the people right next door. Maybe Jayne will bring back the good old glamour days. Anyway, this is a star who has a taste for it!

The chances are if she's talked out of buying that 50-room castle in Holmby Hills —Jayne will find another one!

Jane can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's KISS THEM FOR ME.

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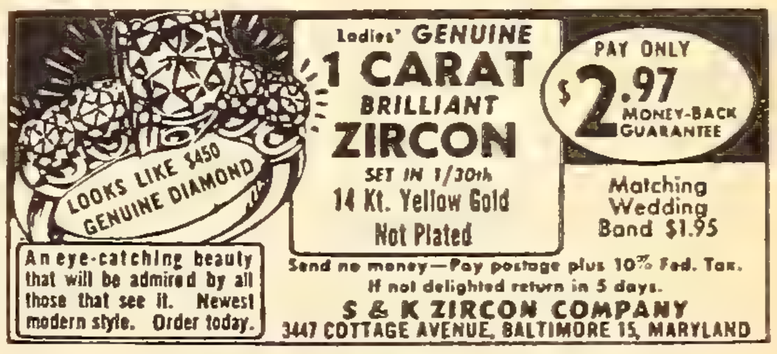
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GARY MERRILL'S CAMPAIGN

■ Maybe it was because of the heat, or maybe just because he thought they looked real sharp—but whatever the reason, the point is that *that* was what Gary Merrill wanted to wear—and for eleven years he's been trying, and nobody will let him.

What? Bermuda shorts.

Where? New York's fabulous 21 CLUB.

Did he? Well, not yet. But this year, Gary thinks, maybe. Yes siree . . . maybe this year. Because he's got a plan . . .

"In Bermuda," explains Gary, "where knee-length trousers for men originated, they are worn practically all the time—and that includes formal wear, too!"

So for the past several years, Gary's little campaign has been to popularize them in night clubs.

"Why not? They're cooler, more comfortable. If they're okay during the day, why not at night?"

But the 21 CLUB doesn't see it that way.

"So I always arrive there carrying a bag with long trousers. And," he laughs, "I've always had to switch, too!"

So what makes Gary think this year's any different?

"Oh, this year I'll undoubtedly make it," he smiles. "Because this year New York's the scene of the big Boy Scout Jamboree, and this year all I'll do is put an Eagle Scout badge in my lapel—and breeze right in!"

Gary Merrill can now be seen in Columbia's CRASH LANDING.

them, "You haven't got a baby—you've just got a funeral expense!"

For a long time, it was touch and go. During his first year Earl almost died with double pneumonia. He could barely toddle when he fell against a tree root and smashed his nose. Two months later a little girl pushed him off a high porch and broke his leg. All his childhood he was puny and weak.

To make matters worse, the Hollimans moved around the Gulf oil country like nomads, wherever there was work for his adopted father as a driller. Earl remembers a score of "homes" including Jackson and Whitman, Mississippi—Kilgore, Crane and Kerrville, Texas—Odessa, Vivian, Mooringsport and Oil City, Louisiana. Usually he lived in paintless wooden dumps and sometimes in tents. And everywhere Earl faced the knuckled schoolyard challenge to a newcomer. It made him a lonely kid.

Armadillos, snakes and rats

Spending so much time alone, he made friends with animals—snakes, chickens and ducks—even adopted two scaly armadillos as pets. Once in Texas two white rats he prized escaped under the house, bred with local rodents, and city exterminators had to clean out the swarms.

With these dumb pals as with everything, Earl's imagination worked overtime. The first movie he ever saw—in a shabby oil-town grind house—featured a train wreck. Afterwards Earl raced home, got out his toy train and loaded it with sowbug passengers. He set it rolling, then smashed the express with a rock and jumped in heroically to rescue the survivors. He told his mother, "I'm going to be a movie star when I grow up."

The dream was born. . . .

To Velma Holliman's credit, she nodded soberly, although the idea of that runty oil field tyke with his homely, freckled face ever becoming a Hollywood star must have seemed preposterous. She spread out her pack of cards and told his fortune: "Look here, Earl! Look what it says about *your* future. You're going to be a movie star, sure enough!" After that he begged his fortune time and again. Just like he begged for the Christmas story year after year. And always she made the same rosy picture, and always he believed it implicitly.

Then there was the day of that accident and for too long there wasn't time for dreams any more.

It happened at the Kilgore oil field. Henry Holliman was up on a catwalk when the derrick top fell and heavy machinery hit his head. A worker grabbed his feet as he fell and saved his life—but from then on it seemed like every job just led to a stretch in a hospital. After a while they declared him permanently and totally disabled and the oil company offered a small settlement. But until the settlement came through, the only steady income the Holliman family had was a $30 a month government pension from Henry's World War I service. Earl picked cotton for a farmer and sold magazines to help out. For a while his mother ran a boarding house. When the money finally came, his Dad sank it hopefully in a small men's furnishing store in Shreveport, but that soon went bust and the money with it. They moved to a fishing shack beside Caddo Lake on government land for a while, and it was a lucky day when the fish were biting. By then Henry Holliman couldn't do anything. The epileptic fits had gotten worse and worse.

When his Aunt Ada died and left a small bequest, hopefully Henry took $800 and hammered together a little white house of their own. It was just about finished when the fits came in violent waves and then was that last horrible day in the Shreveport jail—just a couple of weeks before Christmas.

The little white home goes

After the funeral there was nothing left, except debts. The little house went for $400 to pay those. Earl and his Mom moved into a cheap room in Shreveport. Velma found a waitress' job in an all-night cafe beside the bus depot for a dollar a day and two greasy meals. Earl found one next door in a magic shop for four dollars a week.

You might have called it a start in show business. Earl learned to demonstrate jokes and novelties and, when he'd mastered the ABC's of sleight-of-hand, the proprietors let him assist in shows at the BARKSDALE AIR FORCE BASE nearby. When school started up again, he quit to usher nights at the STRAND THEATER for twenty-five cents an hour—and all the movies he could watch. But he was just falling asleep in classes, so when they offered him the job of head usher he quit school. And in a couple of weeks, he bought a brown, pin-stripe suit for $19.75. It was the first suit of clothes Earl had ever owned.

Earl figured he needed that suit, because he nursed a reckless plan. Watching pictures all day and half the night had brought his Hollywood yen to fever pitch. "I just had to go there and see the place," he explains. "It was like a trip to Heaven for me." To get the money, he moonlighted as a waiter in the restaurant where his mother worked—from eleven o'clock at night until eight in the morning, when Velma relieved him. When he had seventy dollars saved up, he put it inside his shoe and, lugging a cardboard suitcase, hit the highway, headed West. He passed his fifteenth birthday in Fort Worth, Texas, on the way.

Hollywood the second time

Actually, Earl wasn't so famished as he was deflated. He had spent the whole week pounding all over Hollywood, hunting movie stars. He never saw any. "Finally, I bought a two-bit pair of dark glasses hoping somebody would think *I* was one," he grins. But the next time he saw Hollywood it was different. He was in the Navy.

Earl enlisted that January, still fifteen but lying about his age. They shot him right out to San Diego for boot training, then up to Los Angeles for radio school. He had liberty every night. Those nights you could always find Apprentice Seaman

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1957.
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JOHN C. WEBER
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 03-9560350. Qualified in Bronx County. Cert. filed in New York County.
Commission Expires March 30, 1958.

Holliman at just one place, the HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN. "If there was a movie star I didn't gawk at I don't know who it could have been," says Earl. To some of them he told his own dream. Always the advice he got was, *Finish school and study acting before you try it.*

So, Earl wasn't too bugged when his mother told authorities how old he really was and the Navy kicked him out. She wanted him to come back and finish high school. Earl had the same idea now. And this time he had a better chance to stick.

Velma Holliman had remarried another oilfield worker and lived in Oil City. There was a place to live and a good high school. Credits earned in the Navy let Earl back in as a junior. He got a job afternoons in a grocery store and on weekends was a roustabout in the oil fields. He sailed through his junior year with straight A's, next summer made good money at a Navy rocket plant in Arkansas, and as a senior showed what he could do with a little security behind him. That year Earl lettered in football, edited the yearbook, got elected class president and played the lead in the senior play. Shaking his shyness, he also went steady with a pretty brunette named Mary Ellen and even got voted the best dancer in school! When he graduated at seventeen, Earl Holliman won the AMERICAN LEGION BOYS' MEDAL and a scholarship to LOUISANA STATE. He didn't accept it; instead he re-enlisted in the Navy. Curiously, Earl figured that was the only way to learn to act.

It wasn't quite as crazy as it sounds. Earl had a plan: two more years' service, and he'd qualify for the GI bill. Then he could pick his own dramatic school, tuition paid and seventy-five dollars a month. It worked out even better than that. In Norfolk, Virginia, where he was based as a radio operator most of the time, the Norfolk Naval Theatre gave him a solid hitch up on acting experience. In that rankless group, captains and commanders often played bit parts. Seaman Holliman played leads. This time he came out of the Navy with two important assets: self confidence and his GI bill. Right away he put that to work at the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. But after a year he switched to Pasadena's famous COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE.

Hollywood the third time

For one reason, Earl wanted more practical acting experience, and the Playhouse is famous for that. For another, he knew it had always been a fast pipeline to Hollywood. The first part worked out dandy for Earl. "I played everything from *Œdipus Rex* to *Home Of The Brave,*" he says, "and I learned plenty. But Hollywood scouts took one look at my face and looked right through me like a pane of glass." Still, it was PLAYHOUSE contacts that indirectly channeled Earl to his movie break.

Earl had to quit right before graduation

SHEREE NORTH—CAR BRUISER

■ "There's a standing joke in Hollywood," says Sheree North, "that asking an actress her age is like looking at the speedometer of a second-hand car: you know it's been set back, but you can't tell how far! Well, what I learned from my first job—jockeying cars—was never to criticize the woman who lies a little about her age. It's the only way of dealing with a man—for if you tell the truth, you're either too young or too old!

"Like the first man I ever lied to about my age . . ." When Sheree was only thirteen that happened.



"We lived right near a junk yard where the old jalopies came to die. Their only value was for spare parts, but some of them could still run when they got there and the owner of the place let me learn to drive on the choicer models—those with floorboards and motors still in them. The fenders I dented in the first few days didn't matter to anyone, and pretty soon I could weave a car in and out like a pro.

"Learning to drive was fun, of course, but I soon figured out how to turn my driving skill into desperately needed dollars. There was a big parking lot at the Christian Science Church, and some of the older boys used to wait at the church entrance and offer to park the cars there as the people drove up. I waited for a rainy Sunday, when I knew a lot of people would want their cars parked. When a traffic jam threatened, I didn't have any trouble convincing the boys they needed a helper—me! The fact that I looked fifteen or sixteen at the time didn't hurt my chances, either.

"Anyway, I showed the boys I could keep right up with them, parking cars in the squeeziest places—then delivering them at the church steps an hour later without a scratch. When the leader of the bunch handed me my forty cents share of the tips he said, 'You're pretty good. Come on over to CIRO'S with me tonight. I park cars there, and I think the captain will give you a chance at it, even though you're a girl. You get a dollar a night—and all the hamburgers you want!' He introduced me to the parking lot captain and assured him I could drive like an expert.

" 'Maybe she can,' the captain said, 'but she's gotta be sixteen to work here.'

"At that moment he looked like the most difficult male animal I'd ever met, so I added a little extra psychological touch to convince him, 'Mister,' I pleaded, 'this is my sixteenth birthday, and if you give me the job it will be the nicest present!'

"I got the job. Men can't tell a woman's age anyway!"

Sheree is in the 20th Century-Fox film NO DOWN PAYMENT.

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when his GI bill ran out. He took a job as template maker at NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, then fabricated oxygen therapy gadgets at a Beverly Hills factory. After work he'd hustle to agents' offices, but no matter how he dolled himself up they'd only dust him off with that *too homely* bit. The only way he could get inside a studio was to work a dodge he'd learned from resourceful characters at the PLAYHOUSE.

The trick was to show up at PARAMOUNT's DeMille gate with a mop of hair and tell the guard, "I've got an appointment with Victor, the barber." Lots of outsiders patronized Vic, so it was usually a fast wave-in. Hours later Earl Holliman would walk out the main gate, his head buzzing with the sights he'd seen.

One day, he bumped into a PLAYHOUSE classmate, Irene Martin, who'd been picked for PARAMOUNT'S *Golden Circle*. Irene came through for the old school ties with an introduction to the casting office and a build-up. After weeks of steady hounding they gave Earl a one-day bit to get rid of him. He was an elevator boy in a Martin and Lewis romp, *Scared Stiff*. "Which," Earl admits, "I certainly was."

Haircut to success

But, turning in his uniform, Earl ran into another casting director, collecting extras for Marines in *The Girls Of Pleasure Island*. The easiest way to lose Holliman was to say, "Okay, okay—get a GI haircut and I'll give you another day's work." So, Earl finally climbed into Victor's barber chair. When he stepped down and looked in the glass he was sure his budding career was ruined.

Earl's hair is silky-fine, and on him the GI came out a comical fringe of bangs. "I looked like something escaped from the zoo," says Earl. "With my already obvious handicaps I figured that was all I needed."

When the director spotted him he laughed. After that, whenever he needed a funny-looking Marine he crooked his finger at Earl.

Earl Holliman didn't star or even play leads, and sometimes, as he's said, the characters he did play weren't too attractive. He didn't get a chance at one romantic part until his last, *Don't Go Near The Water*. But whether he's been a hick or a hoodlum, Earl Holliman has always been a scene stealer. And it isn't all because of his haircut. He takes his job very seriously.

As a matter of fact, Earl wore curls in *The Rainmaker*, his favorite, which he's seen ten times to study his faults. The New York preview, with Broadway critics and the Paramount brass assembled, was the biggest night of his life that far. Yet, he slipped away and sat by himself in the packed Lexington theatre to get an honest audience reaction. He got a stinger.

The writer razzed him

Two girls sat next to him, and one razzed him unmercifully every time he came on the screen. "What a silly character," she scoffed. "Isn't he terrible? Did you ever see such a stupid actor?" And so on.

When the lights went up, Earl couldn't resist saying, "I'm sorry you didn't like me in the picture. I'm Earl Holliman."

"Oh!" gasped his critic, turning several shades of pink. "I knew this would happen to me someday." Funny part was, next morning she called Earl's hotel. She said she was a writer and wanted to do a story on him!

Some have it easy and some have it rough—on the road to Hollywood or anywhere else. Earl Holliman has had it very rough ever since he was born, a sickly baby in the swamps of Louisiana, given away to strangers because his own parents couldn't afford to feed him.

Growing up, he's been sick and he's been scared, hungry and poor, lonesome and sad, disappointed and snubbed. He's had to make his own living since he was fourteen. Yet, this December 25th Earl will give thanks along with everyone else—as he does most of the days of the year. "I'm lucky," he says in his soft, serious voice, with just a hint of a Southern drawl. "Sure, I've had to scramble. But I'm glad I did. Maybe I wouldn't appreciate what I've got now if I hadn't."

What Earl has now is what he has wanted all his life—a job acting in the movies. It's a pretty good job and Earl Holliman is a pretty good actor. Last year, after *Jimmy* in *The Rainmaker*, there were Academy Award noises and the Foreign Press made it official by handing Earl their BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR trophy. Coming out of the COCOANUT GROVE the night he got it Earl felt a tap on his shoulder and, turning around, faced Sir Laurence Olivier.

"I just wanted to tell you," Olivier said, "that my wife and I saw your picture in London and we thought you were great." Earl could barely stammer, "Th-thanks," but he felt like Sir Larry did when the King dubbed him knight.

Yes, this December 25th, Earl will give thanks . . . END

Watch for Earl in MGM's DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER *and Paramount's* HOT SPELL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

■ Dear Readers—

We can't compete with Christmas. In fact, we don't even want to try! That's why, this year, we are combining in one issue—this one that you are reading now—the December and January MODERN SCREEN. Magazine publishers have realized for a long time that in the crowded days between Thanksgiving and New Year's, reading takes second place to holiday preparations and festivities. At least one magazine, LIFE, has for several years followed a policy of not publishing its end-of-the-year issue. We're following their example, which seems to us a wise one. But we'll be back on your neighborhood newsstand with the February issue on January 2, when the holiday excitement has subsided. Look for us then. Meanwhile, a Merry Christmas to all our loyal readers!

—The Editors

P.S. If you're a subscriber and your subscription expires *after* the December issue, it will be automatically extended by one month so you'll be sure to receive your full twelve issues of *The Magazine That Lives For You*.

ADVICE: Jane Greer, co-star of *Man Of A Thousand Faces* visited a home where a chess game was in progress. The five-year-old boy in the household halted a player who was about to make a move. "Don't move that horse." The player reconsidered, and realized that if he'd moved the horse he'd have lost the game. He made another move, and finally won. He asked the boy, "How did you know I shouldn't move the horse?" . . . The boy explained, "Because he wasn't finished eating."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post



WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

■ Now that Shirley Booth is back before the cameras making *Hot Spell*, Hollywood is reminded of the time the talented trouper recreated her memorable *Come Back Little Sheba* for the movies. The search for the bosomy babe who played the teenage sex pot in the picture was highly competitive. Terry Moore finally plucked the plum and needless to say, she was more than ecstatic.

"What a wonderful opportunity!" exclaimed the excited Terry, "I'm going to watch Miss Booth every second and absorb all I can about *real* acting."

The picture started—and so did Terry. She started a running conversation about everything and nothing. She prattled on before scenes, after scenes and throughout lunch periods. She soon had people running for cover. One morning producer Hal Wallis dropped by the set to see the great Miss Booth.

"Is everything going okay?" he inquired.

"Everything is going just fine," answered the amiable star. So they discussed various scenes in the picture and finally as Wallis was leaving, he turned back and added:

"Oh, by the way, I meant to ask you this before. How do you like Terry Moore?" La Booth's face never changed expression. Her eyes began to twinkle.

"I liked her very much," Shirley deadpanned, "but she talked me out of it!"

Shirley Booth can soon be seen in Paramount's HOT SPELL *and* THE MATCHMAKER; *Terry Moore in 20th's* PEYTON PLACE.



DEBRA PAGET and LORD MURPHY

■ Any time Debra Paget gets tired of acting, she can earn a living by charging admission to her back yard.

Running, climbing, flying, and swinging through the trees in her half-acre yard are enough animals to start a zoo.

Among the members of Debra's private zoo right now are a Golden Gibbon ape, two dogs, three cats (one's a prize-winning Siamese and one a bedraggled alley cat), one parrot and two parakeets, one cockatoo, one macaw, one peacock, and an eighty-pound chimpanzee with perfect table manners. She even had a horse once.

Debra admits that her favorite is the chimpanzee. "I bought him a year ago. His name was Murphy then. He was three years old, and he weighed forty pounds. He seemed too aristocratic to be called *Murphy*, so I made him a *Lord*.

Lord Murphy reciprocates Debra's favoritism. Anyone else who attempts to wrestle with Lord Murphy is liable to end up a little bumped and bruised, but Debra has never been scratched. He loves to hold hands with her, to curl up in her lap, and to have her rock him to sleep.

"I've taught him to dress himself," Debra says. "He has more than sixty outfits—including a couple of bathing suits my sister outgrew. He knows how to tie his own bib, and he can drink out of a glass without spilling a drop."

He shares Debra's taste for spaghetti and Coca-Cola, and her distaste for oatmeal. "If he's forced to eat oatmeal, he'll throw a tantrum. Then I spank him."

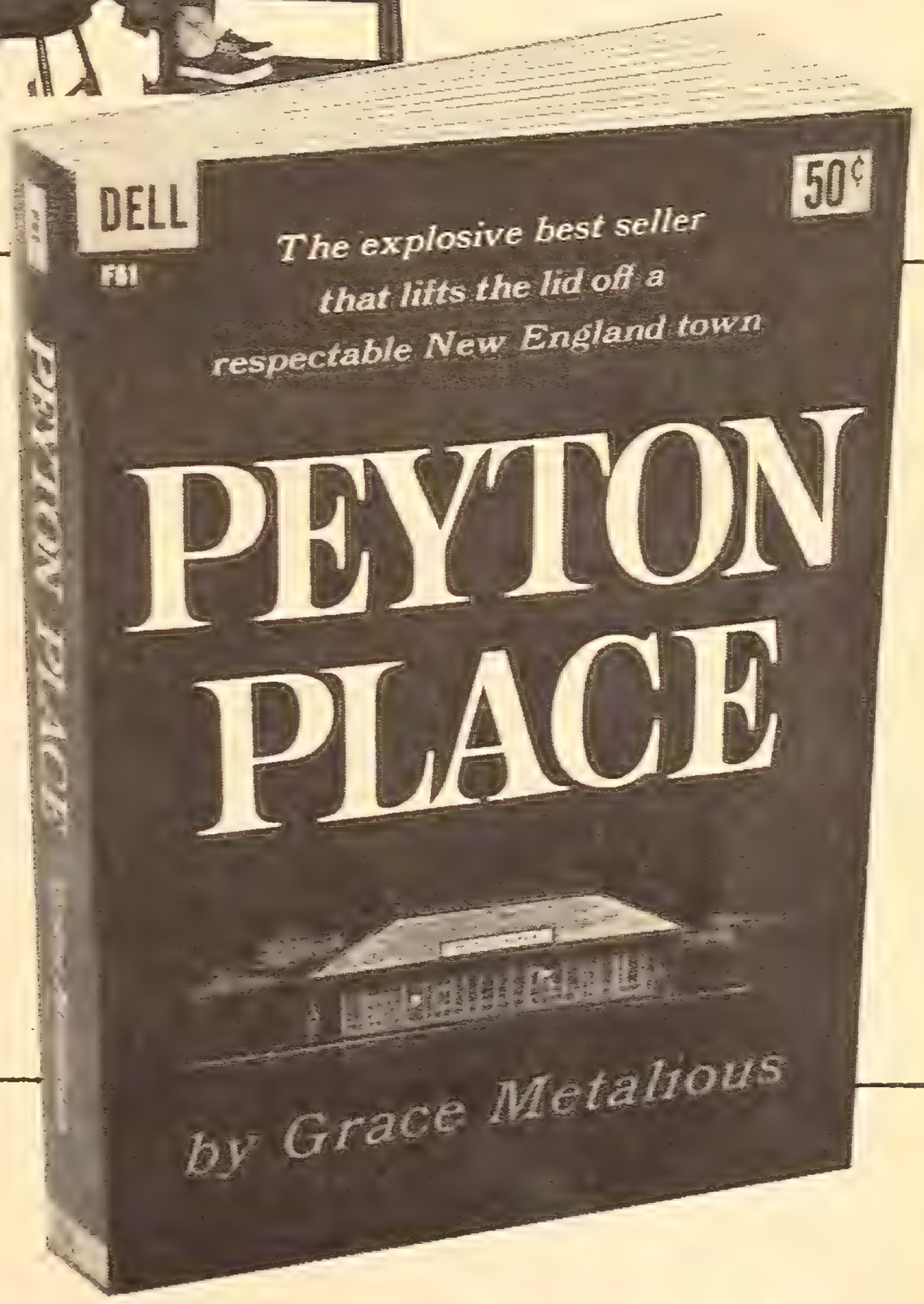
He'd throw a king-sized tantrum if he knew he may have to share Debra.

"I'd like to own a horse," Debra grins. "After all, there's still plenty of room."

Debra's in Paramount's THE TEN COMMANDMENTS *and* OMAR KHAYYAM.

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Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ:
☐ all of **LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I READ:
☐ all of **FIRST PARTY OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I READ:
☐ all of **HOLIDAY RECIPES OF THE STARS** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I READ:
☐ all of **THE CHRISTMAS I WILL NEVER FORGET** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I READ:
☐ all of **NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I LIKE BOB WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE EARL HOLLIMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE RED SKELTON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE MONTGOMERY CLIFT:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE FRANCES FARMER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

MALE	FEMALE
(1) _____	(1) _____
(2) _____	(2) _____
(3) _____	(3) _____

AGE..... **NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

..... CITY & STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for September: Cheryl Vogel, Grand Island, Nebraska; Jo Lo Franco, New York, N.Y.; Linda Willard, Vandergrift, Pa.; Virginia Irvin, Richmond, Virginia; Betsey Barney, Johnson City, N.Y.; Veronica Cimino, Belmar, New Jersey; Marjorie Percival, Fresno, California; Susie De Spain, Hopeville, Georgia; Sheryl Shelley, Greeley, Colorado; Carole More, Mound Valley, Kansas.



"My Career Crashed!" Says Tony Franciosa

■ Usually an actor has to worry about not being able to *find* a job. Once I actually had to worry about not being able to *lose* one!

I'm a member of the long list of actors who find themselves, when Broadway parts get scarce, in hot water, dishwashing for a living.

But a couple of summers ago I wanted to *lose* a dishwashing job—real bad! It was a fill-in job I had landed at a girls' camp in the Adirondacks. One afternoon a special delivery letter arrived for me with news of a sure-thing audition the next day . . . if I could get back to Broadway in time. But that posed quite a problem for me.

I had no car. I couldn't depend on hitch-hiking. There was an early-morning train that would get me to New York in time—but the fare was almost ten dollars and I didn't have ten cents. And, if I *quit* my job in the middle of the summer when a replacement would be hard to get, I knew I wouldn't get paid and that wouldn't help at all!

But if they *fired* me . . . they'd have to give me a whole week's wages as termination pay.

If any of you readers were at that girls' camp in 1954, and you remember a terrible crash out in the kitchen the evening of August 16th about seven o'clock, that was me, dishwasher Tony Franciosa, deliberately dropping a big pile of crockery just as the camp manager walked in!

P.S. I got fired. I got the pay I was after, and the next afternoon I got the part I was after.

Tony is currently in 20th's A Hatful Of Rain, *MGM's* This Could Be The Night *and Warner Bros.'* A Face In The Crowd. *Watch for him in Paramount's* Wild Is The Wind *and 20th's* The Long Hot Summer.

ristmases of frances farmer

ontinued from page 57) comb through r hair, Frances had suddenly pulled e comb from the girl's hand and flung it one of the other actors who was stand- by, ready to work. The producer of movie happened to be standing by, . When he saw this he felt he'd had ough. It's almost unheard of to fire a r in the middle of a movie, but the ducer told Frances that she was ough. "Get out," he told her, "you're solutely impossible!"

unk, noisy and naked

Frances left, aided by a studio cop. She into her car and drove straight to a arby tavern. Within an hour she was drunk and noisy that the proprietor oned the cops to come get her out of his ce. When the cops arrived, Frances de a dash for the ladies' room. "You'll ver get me," she screamed, slamming door behind her. The cops banged the door with their sticks. "Come on t," they said, "come on out or we'll ve to come in after you." They could ar Frances laugh on the other side of door. The laugh became more and re hysterical. One of the cops called er a barmaid and asked her to go in d bring Frances out. Reluctantly, the rmaid agreed. She opened the door. hen she did, Frances came running out, rk naked. "I told you you'd never be le to get me," she said, still laughing d beginning to dance over towards the r. "Gimme a drink," she yelled. She ched for an empty glass on the bar and ng it across the room. "Gimme a drink!" ter a struggle, the cops managed to get half-dressed and rushed her to court. e police judge read her record and then minded her that she'd broken her pro- tion. He said he was sorry, but that he uld have to sentence her to jail—for days. "Fine," Frances said, running fingers through her disheveled hair. e turned to the officer who was to escort there: a short, pudgy man. "Why in l don't you get that pot belly off of u?" she asked, giving him a nudge in stomach. "I got that from eating, not nking," the officer said, taking her n and leading her away. An hour later, ances was in her cell, mumbling, aven't I any friends? I was never so ne in my life. Haven't I any friends in whole wide world?" A guard came her cell door. *There were some report- and photographers outside who nted to see her,* he said. *Would she?* ances said *sure she would, sure.* When newspaper people were in her cell, e of them got his tongue out of his ek long enough to ask Frances what r occupation was. "I'm an actress," she d, "You know that—you fools! . . . Just t me down as a vag—a vagrant vaga- nd . . . Or better, put me down as one the world's oldest. Huh? How about that, h? Put me down as one of the world's lest." The reporter began to write down at she'd just said. "You rat," Frances eamed suddenly, lunging at him and bbing his pencil. A photographer apped at this moment and the flashbulb nt off in Frances' face. There was no ntrolling her now. She kicked the nera first, then the photographer. ats!" she began to scream as she kicked d clawed at everybody in sight. "Rats! ts! Rats!" . . . It had taken a strait- ket to calm her down. That was the ne straitjacket she'd been wearing later t day when they'd brought her here to mental institution. That had been ven long months ago. And now it was ristmas, 1943—and Frances Farmer couldn't know—yet—that there was to be another Christmas, later. A better one. All she knew were the past Christmases. . . .

A peculiar girl

This is the story of what happened to Frances Farmer. It's a sad story about a confused kid who became a confused woman—a beautiful, wealthy, talented and confused woman, who ended up in an insane asylum.

And, too, it is a happy story, as you will see.

It covers seven Christmases in Frances' life.

The first of these Christmases was back in 1927, when she was fourteen years old. . . .

Her mother called to her from the kitchen, "Frances. Are you going to that party?" Frances was looking out the window too hard, thinking too hard, to hear her. She looked across the gray Seattle street at the dingy row of houses on the other side. She stared at one particular house. It was the house where the Christmas party for the kids in the neighborhood, the kids her age, was going to be held. Frances had been one of the first invited, way back about two weeks ago. The family who was giving the party had always liked her and they'd wanted to make sure she came. Frances remembered the lady's smile now, how she had smiled so warmly when she said that. And then she remembered the look on the lady's face only yesterday, Christmas Eve, when she'd come out to talk to Frances accidentally-on-purpose as Frances walked past the house. "Frances," the woman had said, the smile gone and a look of confusion and wonder on her normally jolly face, "I hate to have to tell you this but you see we have too many girls for the party and so few boys and I'd appreciate it if you . . . if you wouldn't mind not coming." Frances didn't ask why. She knew why. That essay she'd written for composition class in school—the one called *God Dies,* the one in which she'd said some pretty clever things, she thought, about people always ask-ask-asking an invisible God to help them out when they should wise up and start doing things for themselves. That was why. The essay had shocked her schoolteacher. "Unchristian!" the teacher had snorted



THE SUCCESS OF RUBY STEVENS
as told by Barbara Stanwyck

■ "It happened to a girl I used to know," Barbara Stanwyck began. "Her name was Ruby Stevens.

"She was young, confident—but a trifle discouraged dancing in the rear line of a 24-girl chorus in a nightclub in New York City. It was hardly her idea of success, so she took her back-line chorus work as a dreary, but economically necessary routine—and it showed in her unenthusiastic dancing. There was many a night, after a hard day calling at play-casting offices, that Ruby practically walked her way through the three shows. '*What's the difference?*' she told herself, '*nobody sees me behind twelve others.*'

"Following the late show, however, dance director Earl Lindsay asked her to stay.

"He said, 'Ruby, you're in the rear line of a dance chorus. You understand that?'

" 'Of course, I understand it,' answered Ruby.

" 'I just wanted to make sure,' Lindsay continued, 'because after watching you for the last two weeks I wasn't quite sure you *did* understand.'

" 'What difference does it make?' Ruby answered, 'who sees me?'

" 'The least you could do,' Lindsay said, 'is kick as high as the other girls.'

"Then Ruby made a bad joke. 'Frankly, Mr. Lindsay, and considering my position, I don't think you have any kick coming.'

"Lindsay didn't laugh. 'Young lady, your humor is as bad as your dancing. If I didn't happen to know that you're a good dancer, I'd fire you. Here's some advice.

" 'You might as well know that unless you change your attitude, you're going to stay in that back row all your life. There are people who never kick high. They try hard only when they know someone is watching. But they rarely do well because they try so seldom. As long as you're in my chorus you'll kick high or get off the stage.'

"There was something in Lindsay's sincerity that got through to Ruby. She took his advice, and from that moment on she really tried to be the best dancer on Broadway.

"A month later she read for a small part in a new play that was opening. She got the role, not because she was a good actress, but because as the director said, 'I like the way you tried. You need experience, but by opening night you'll be ready.'

"That was the real beginning of Ruby's career.

"Ruby Stevens will always be grateful to Earl Lindsay," Barbara tells you.

"And I ought to know," Barbara concludes. "I'm Ruby Stevens."

Barbara Stanwyck can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's FORTY GUNS.



Here's Kathy with nineteen of the twenty-two All-Americans. The other three fellows are busy taking pictures. Of their teammates, you ask? No. Of Kathy? Of course.

Kathy Grant: 'All-American' Girl



That's Paul Hornung, Notre Dame star, trying to show Kathy Grant how to throw a forward pass. Fellow in the lower right of the picture is praying that pass doesn't catch him in the head!



Oregon State's John Witte and Iowa's Alek Karras spotted a guy selling flowers at the Los Angeles airport. Only a rose was good enough for Kathy. So they chipped in and bought one!

Now that the football season is in full swing again, Kathy Grant can't help but look back fondly to last year when, as hostess to the LOOK All-American football team, she was the only gal aboard the plane that took the twenty-two players from the West Coast to New York for TV appearances and a banquet.

Not that all twenty-two got on at Los Angeles—they didn't. But all along the way, as the big plane made stops at Dallas, Nashville and Chicago, new groups of all-stars joined the team. Kathy immediately memorized the names of the newcomers and the names of their colleges, introduced them to the others, and pretty generally made them feel at home.

At each stop Kathy and the fellows would pose for pictures. Notre Dame's Paul Hornung tried to show her how to look natural throwing a football, but, as Kathy said, "The ball is so big and my hand is so small that I looked more like a shotputter than a passer. I'm definitely not an All-American boy."

That's for sure! But the players seemed to think she was *the* All-American girl. For everyone of them who wasn't married asked her for a date in New York. Kathy won't tell us how many she accepted—what we know definitely is that she was *the* date of the entire team at the banquet in their honor. And that Paul Hornung took her to High Mass.

Today, one year later, Kathy can remember the name and college of each boy who made the trip. And more than that she recalls how they looked, what they said and many other things about them.

All in all, it's hard to tell who made the biggest impression—Kathy Grant on twenty-two All-American boys, or twenty-two All-American boys on one All-American girl.

Kathy is now playing in Columbia's OPERATION MAD BALL.

and her snorts had been heard far an wide. In the matter of about twenty four hours, Frances' name was bein whispered all around the school and th neighborhood. One woman had walke up to her on the street and yelled at he "Why?" Frances had asked, "I only sai what I happen to feel." The woman didn understand that some young people g to wondering about God at a certain ag about who He really is and what He reall does. But the woman just yelled at he "You're a peculiar girl, Frances Farme a peculiar girl." And that was the wor that had gone round the neighborhoo now—that Frances was peculiar and didn believe in God and shouldn't be associate with.

What she really wanted

It began to grow dark outside now. Th warm street lights had gone on. So ha the happy lights in the house across th street, the house where the party woul begin in just a little while. . . .

Frances sat alone, again, on Christma afternoon, 1935. She'd come a long wa from Seattle—to Hollywood, California, i fact, and to a career in the great motio picture industry. It had been a real Cin derella story. Back in Seattle one da Frances had decided to become an actres She'd been ushering, at thirty-six cent an hour, in a local theater and after couple of months of watching high-pai beauties up there on the big screen sh decided that she could act better than al of them put together and could probabl end up making more money than any tw of them put together. She figured she' go first to New York and get some experi ence on the stage, then go knocking o the Hollywood studio doors. In order t get the money to get to New York, sh pulled the kind of Frances Farmer stun that still had people in her home tow shaking their heads. She entered a con test sponsored by a Communist newspape The prize for selling the most subscription to the paper was to be an all-expense tri to Moscow. Frances wanted to visit Mos cow like she wanted another hole in he Swiss cheese sandwiches, when she wa flush enough to be able to afford Swis cheese. What she did want was the par of the trip that would take her to Ne York and Broadway. She won the contes —she had told everybody she *would*, al along—and she got to New York. But i was midsummer and all the producer were out of town and the Communis paper had given her more rubles to spen than dollars. So one morning France found herself boarding a ship for Europe At least, she figured, if she went to Russi she could keep on eating for a couple o months.

"Alone morning, noon and night. . . ."

What she didn't figure on was meetin a man aboard ship the second day ou that day she sneaked up to First Class fo a peek around, a man who told her righ off that she should be in the movies, man who in fact promised to and di arrange a screen test in Hollywood for he when she came back. And now here sh was *in* Hollywood and she'd just finishe making her first big picture and it was he first Christmas without any money wor ries and she had a nice fat contract wit PARAMOUNT tucked high in her holida stocking.

And she was unhappy and alone. Sh didn't know quite why. Maybe if sh hadn't gotten off on the wrong foot whe she arrived in the movie town, maybe i she didn't still carry that chip on he shoulder she'd been carrying ever sinc that day of the teenage party in Seattl she never got to go to, maybe if she stil

didn't hear the voices whispering *peculiar . . . peculiar* in the back of her head—maybe then she wouldn't have acted so smart-alecky to everyone she came in contact with, from producers to wardrobe women to messenger boys to interviewers, and maybe she wouldn't have had to spend that Christmas alone.

But that's the way Hollywood's newest Cinderella spent it. She walked over to a nearby diner for dinner that day and then she walked back to her apartment and sat down and, slowly, wrote a letter to somebody she'd met in New York. "I was back in Seattle last week for the opening of my picture," she wrote. "A mere handful of people knew me when I left town, and then I came back to find fans swarming all over the place. You wonder how people can get like that. But that's what this picture business does. I knew they expected me to turn up looking pretty glamorous, and even though I looked just like I did when I left, they were convinced that I must have changed in some mysterious way. And the truth of the matter is that I'm just as I was at that time—rather bad at clothes, pretty sloppy and forgetting to put any makeup on half the time. And I still drive my rattle-trap car, live in a very modest place, do most of my own housework and haven't gone to a nightclub yet. . . . And concerning men, I prefer my own company to that of most of the men in this town. If they want to pass me by, that's all right with me. I think all the boys in Hollywood are terrific bores. If I couldn't stand my own company, I'd be the unhappiest girl in the world, because I'm alone morning, noon and night. . . ." That was Frances on Christmas Day, 1935. . . .

Christmas two years later was different. Frances was married now, to a tall handsome actor named Leif Erickson. They'd met at the studio gate one morning, Frances in her dinky Ford trying to get into the studio from the left side of the street, Leif in his dinky Chevy trying to get in from the right. They'd blown their horns at one another for a few minutes, trying to signal the other in first. Then, when the gateman came rushing out of his little hut with his hands clasped over his ears, they'd looked at each other and begun to laugh. They met in the studio commissary at lunchtime and laughed all over again. And the next night, for the first time since she'd arrived in town, Frances went to a nightclub—with Leif. And for the first time in a long time Frances felt that she had a friend again.

Prince charming appears

Quickly, she fell in love with Leif and he with her and one morning they walked into the PARAMOUNT chief's office, hand in hand, and told him they'd just come back from Yuma, Arizona, where they'd been married the night before. Now, on their first Christmas together, they sat in their living room, hand in hand. Everything was calm and nice and beautiful. *It was,* Leif thought to himself, *like it had been those first few months of their marriage when everything was just the two of them apart from the entire world, when a kiss on the arm or the neck or the lips was the beginning of a happiness that had never been known before, when Frances was the most content and loving woman on the face of the earth.* Leif was happy that this night was perfect for him and Frances, that it wasn't like some of the other nights they'd had after those first few months when pressures from out of nowhere suddenly seemed to send his wife into fits of gloom and nervousness, when he would try to smile over them with sudden embraces and words like "Maybe it's a baby, Frances, and you don't know it yet?" and Frances would snap back with words like "It's no baby, Leif, it's just that I'm not feeling well . . . and I wish you'd leave me alone for a while." Leif looked at her now. He grinned. She was so beautiful. And then, slowly, the grin left his lips as he noticed Frances let go of his hand to reach over and pour herself a drink. *That was her third drink in the last hour,* Leif thought to himself. *She'd been starting to drink a little too much lately,* he thought. *Just a little too much. . . .*

Christmas in a bar

Frances sat at the far end of the bar that Christmas afternoon, 1942. The cocktail lounge was practically deserted. But Frances wouldn't have noticed whether there was an Elks convention going on there that day or not, she was so drunk. "Happy holiday," she said, winking at the bartender and raising her hand. The bartender knew that was the signal for another drink. "Mrs. Erickson. . . ." he'd say, tentatively, as he handed her one drink after another. But Frances wouldn't give him a chance to continue saying what he wanted to say, that maybe she had had enough, that maybe she should get up and go home. Instead, Frances would interrupt him with a curt "Thank you!" And then she'd pick up her new drink and down it like a truckdriver taking a swig on a cold winter's night, like she'd been downing them for the past couple of years, like she'd told the judge she'd been downing them after she'd been picked up for drunken driving a couple of months back—shortly after her return from New York, where she'd appeared in a few stage plays—and been hauled into court. "Listen, Your Honor," she had told the judge, "I put liquor in my milk. I put liquor in my coffee and in my orange juice. What do you want me to do, starve to death?"

No one on the line

The judge had scolded her. He'd reminded her that she was an actress, a good actress, a young woman, a young wife who was beginning to drink too much, who was beginning to throw away her career and her marriage and her life. He'd tried to be nice, but Frances hadn't wanted anybody to be nice to her. "Who wrote *your* script?" she snapped at the judge. And then he'd stopped being nice and snapped back at her that she was being put on probation and that if she were ever caught drinking again she'd be put in jail. "Happy holiday," Frances said now, winking over at the bartender again. The bartender shrugged and brought her another drink. Frances gulped it down. Then she reached into her purse for some change and got up from her stool and wobbled over to a phone booth a few yards away.

She dialed a number. She listened to the short buzzes on the other end of the line. They continued. Nobody was home. "Leif?" Frances said groggily, ignoring the buzzes. "I guess we're going to go through with the divorce, huh? I guess it's all over between the two of us, Leif. Is it all over, Leif? Is it all over?" Frances listened to the buzzes for a long time. Finally, she hung up and wobbled back to the bar. The bartender looked at her, hoping she'd pick up her purse and leave. She looked back and forced a smile. "Happy holiday," she said, holding up her hand, signaling for that next drink. . . .

Bars on the windows

And now it was Christmas, 1943, and Frances Farmer paced the floor of a small white room with a locked door and bars on the windows. The heat in her white little room was on too high and Frances was afraid to call somebody in to tell them to make it lower, to *please* make it lower. One of the nurses came by a little while later and unlocked Frances' door just long enough to look in and see that everything was all right and to say a *Merry Christmas.* Frances didn't answer back. She just stared, the way she'd been staring at everyone who'd approached her since they'd brought her to this place. And then, when the nurse closed the door again, Frances pulled a sheet from her bed and tried to wipe the sweat from her body and said, "I'm hot . . . I'm hot." The heat had become intense now and Frances felt as if she were going to suffocate. "I'm hot," she continued saying, her voice growing a little louder, "I'm hot." She couldn't help it. She knew she must not scream. But her flesh was beginning to burn under the white uniform they made her wear and the skin on her face and arms felt as if they'd been scorched by a sun only a little way away and moving in on her fast. She could stand it no longer and she took a handful of sheet and rolled it into a ball and pushed it into her mouth, pushed it deep and hard, so she would not scream. And she cried. . . .

It was Christmas Day, 1956, thirteen years later. The place was San Francisco, in a tiny apartment not far from the center of town. The woman in the apartment, sitting in the faded armchair near the window, was in her early forties,



GLORIA DE HAVEN DOES A STRIP-TEASE!

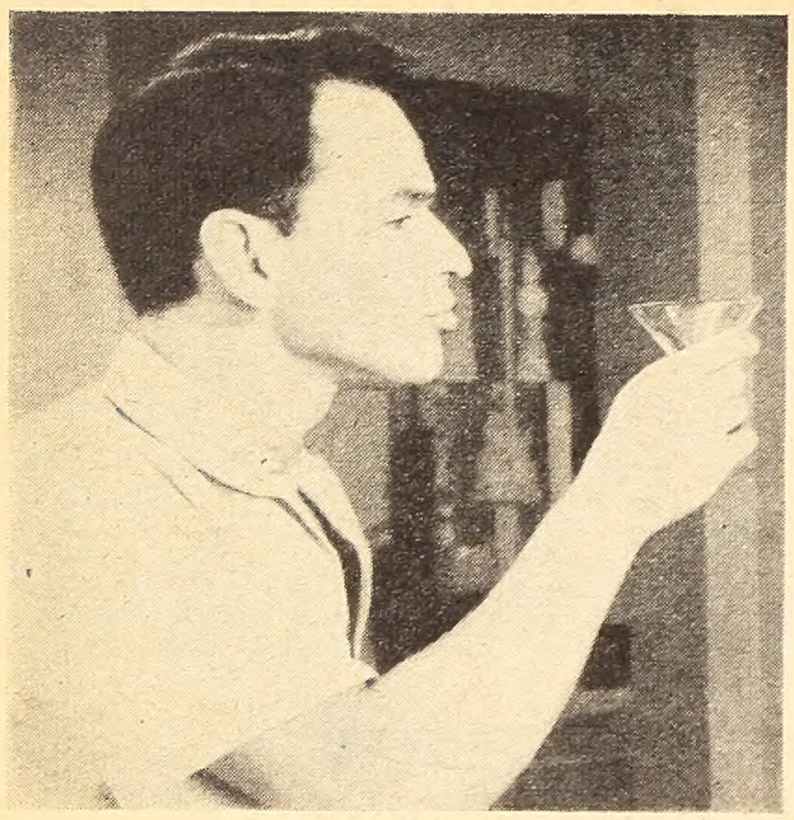
■ The crowd was the largest and most fashionable one ever gathered in the MIAMI BEACH HOTEL. And Gloria De Haven—motion picture, stage and TV star—was billed to do a strip-tease! This is how come . . .

"Gloria was asked to serve on the committee which would provide the guest list of the first annual dinner and auction to raise money for the MIAMI WORKSHOP FOR THE HANDICAPPED," explains John Jacob Astor, co-chairman. "She ended up by getting all the items to be auctioned off!"

"It was the teamwork that did it," says Gloria. Among the "items" the team wheedled out of hardboiled Miami and Miami Beach businessmen were a Cadillac convertible, a Chris Craft cruiser, original dress creations, portable radios, and expensive furniture. These gifts brought $21,000 at the auction.

Oh, yes. There was one other item of note—the clothes off her back that Gloria auctioned as she peeled in her strip act!

P.S. Of course not *all* her clothes!



ICED CHOCOLATE—A LA FRANKIE!

■ Believe it or not, there's a terrific iced chocolate named after Frank Sinatra in Piedrahita—a sleepy village in Spain.

One day, while Frank, Cary Grant, and Sophia Loren were making *The Pride And The Passion* outside Piedrahita, the director called a break because of the heat.

Sophia suggested they all drive into town. Piedrahita, she explained, is famous throughout Spain for its chocolate.

As they sat down at a sidewalk table, Frank heard people shouting *"Sinatra! Sinatra!"* to the lone waiter.

"Well," gasped Frank, "if this doesn't put me on top of the popularity polls, nothing will! Even the natives in this tiny town know me! See, they're telling the waiter to serve me first!"

Sophia and Cary just exchanged winks.

Finally, the waiter got around to their table. "*Sin nata*, señor?" he inquired.

"Sure, sure, I'm Sinatra."

Sophia and Cary exploded with laughter. "The waiter isn't asking for your autograph." explained Cary. "He only wants to know if you want your chocolate with or without cream!"

"Who you kidding," asked Frank. "What about all those people who're calling my name?"

"You misunderstood," smiled Sophia. "They were saying '*sin nata*.' That's Spanish for 'hold the cream'—not *Sinatra!*"

"Gosh," muttered an embarrassed Frankie. "and I was sure they were cheering for me."

"Anyway, waiter, make it three *sin natas*," grinned Cary, and then added, "I mean—three 'Sinatras' ! "

All three roared—and the name stuck!

Frank's in Columbia's PAL JOEY, *Paramount's* THE JOKER IS WILD *and UA's* KINGS GO FORTH. *Sophia's in Columbia's* STELLA, *20th's* BLOOD AND SAND, *UA's* LEGEND OF THE LOST, *Paramount's* DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS *and* HOUSEBOAT. *Cary's in Warner Bros.'* KIND SIR, *20th's* KISS THEM FOR ME *and Paramount's* HOUSEBOAT.

though she looked perhaps just a little older. She was tired. She'd had a job for the last year or so as a reservations clerk at the big Sheraton Palace Hotel, night shift, and with the holiday season in full swing now she'd had to work overtime the last couple of nights. She'd worked so hard and long last night that she hadn't got back to the apartment from the hotel till just about an hour ago. But instead of going right back to bed, as she normally did, she wanted to stay up on this morning, Christmas morning. She looked down at her wristwatch. No, she shook her head—it was too early. She got up from the chair and went into the kitchen and made herself a cup of coffee and a slice of toast and then she turned on some nice Christmas music one of the radio stations was playing and she sat in her chair again now, looking out the window, humming along with the music and looking out at the houses across the way and wondering how many children lay sleeping behind each window and how many Christmas trees stood gaily decorated behind those walls with how many ribboned boxes under them, all waiting to be opened and *ah'd* over. She looked at her watch again a little while later. It was still too early. She reached for the envelope on the small table next to the chair, her hands trembling a little as she picked it up. For the hundredth time in the past few days, she reread the letter. It was from New York, from a man named Michael Ellis. It began:

Dear Miss Farmer,

For years, after I made the theater my career and became managing director of the BUCKS COUNTY PLAYHOUSE, *I kept looking for you. I wrote letters everywhere. Sent wires. Traced rumors. Then I heard from a man in Arkansas recently that he knew your brother. He said you had a job as a clerk in a hotel. That you were out of the institution and trying to make your way back—alone. I am writing to you, Frances Farmer, to ask you to come back to the theater. Will you?*

A new chance

Frances put down the letter and looked down at her watch again. She got up and put on her coat. It was time to go to church and celebrate the birth of the infant Jesus—and to ask Him, Who had saved her, Whom she had met again through an old Bible during her years of need at the asylum, for His guidance now when she needed Him so badly again. . . .

Christmas, 1957, will be a happy one for Frances Farmer, the first truly happy one she will have ever known. She will be with friends. She has made many over the past year. She decided early in the year to accept Mr. Ellis' offer to come back East and work with his theater group. She came with many misgivings—despite the fact that she was still undeniably a beautiful woman, despite the fact that she had given up drinking completely, that her mind was strong again and she could remember lines again. "No, I haven't been reading any scripts recently," she told someone who asked her, but I've been reading the Bible and I can quote from it quite well. I know, because many nights I lie in bed after the lights are out and I read myself to sleep from memory, from the Book of Proverbs and Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. . . ." But still, she had misgivings. She didn't want any pity from people who knew of her past, of those unhappy years as a child, as a young actress in Hollywood, as a drunkard, as a patient in the asylum. And from other people, the inevitable other kind, she didn't want any whisperings behind her back, any side glances from one person to another if she should ever raise her voice a little during a rehearsal or make suggestions or do anything that could be called peculiar or smart-alecky . . . One morning in San Francisco she went to church. *God,* she prayed, *help me to be good, not to hurt myself any more, above all not to hurt any others.* Then she went back to her room and wrote to Mr. Ellis that she'd decided to accept his offer. She said nothing about her misgivings.

A brave interview

But, as it turned out, she didn't have to bother. When she arrived in the East a few weeks later, everyone was wonderful to her. And everybody, in turn, thought that she was wonderful. She received the press and spoke very simply. "I blame nobody for my fall," she said. "I had to face agonizing decisions when I was younger. The decisions broke me. But, too, there was a lack of philosophy in my life. With faith in myself and in God I think I have won the fight to control myself. I've found strength in religion and I've learned to have faith in myself . . . And I'm grateful for the chance to return to the theater. And, too, it's good to know that if I don't make it in the theater, I can always go back to the reservations job at the hotel in San Francisco."

But after her opening night performance at the BUCKS COUNTY PLAYHOUSE this summer, it was obvious to everyone that Frances was never going to have to go back to any hotel desk. "She is a fine actress," the director of the play said later that night, "and she is cooperative and a pleasure to work with. I look forward to working with her again." Up until the opening night Frances—as well as she got along with everyone—made a practice of sticking pretty much to herself. She spoke when spoken to, turned down all invitations to parties or any kind of gathering and sat alone, studying her scenes and lines during any free hours she had. But after the opening, after the reassurance that night, "and she is cooperative and a out during the curtain calls, that rang out especially hard when she was told to take a solo bow, applause punctuated with shouts of *Bravo* and *Welcome Back*—with tears, Frances relaxed. She accepted an invitation to a party after the opening and shook hands with a couple hundred smiling people with the other

And then, after the party, she and a few members of the company and the director and his wife drove out to a little place near their hotel for coffee and pie. For the next few hours they just sat there, talking and laughing about the play and the rehearsals and the funny things that had been happening to them. And then somebody said "Why don't we do this again tomorrow night after the show?" "Yes," Frances said, almost before she realized that she'd spoken up. She looked around at the faces at the table. They were the most friendly wonderful faces she'd ever seen. They'd been there, around her, all her life, she realized now. But somehow she'd never noticed them before; somehow she'd never been able to notice them before. She nodded. "Yes," she said again, "let's do it tomorrow night, all of us!"

It's nice to think that she will be seeing some of these faces—and others—come Christmas Day this year. END

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